National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE DEMANDS OF THE SOUTH.

SPEECH OF SENATOR IVERSON.

[In the United States Senate, Dec. 11th, Mr. Iverson, of Georgia, made a speech, from which we present extracts.]

I OBJECT to this Committee, or to this proposition to submit all these difficulties to a Committee of thirteen. . . . . Whatever may be the object, whether in the shape of Congressional legislation, in the shape of amendments to the Constitution, whatever design or object may be contemplated, I have no confidence in the accomplishment of anything. Now, sir, let us look at this question from a reasonable and common-sense standing. Is it designed to make Congressional legislation to remove the objections which the Southern States have to remaining in the Union? Is it designed to introduce legislation for protecting the rights and equality of the Southern States, more than they are now by the Constitution and the present laws? If so, what is Congressional legislation, so far as the Fugitive Slave law is concerned, to the rights of the Southern people, under the obstructions and difficulties—insurmountable difficulties—which are presented to the execution of that law by a vitiated public sentiment in the Northern States? What more can Congress do than Congress has done? We have a Fugitive Slave law of which the South does not complain. It is sufficiently guarded to accomplish all the objects for which it was designed, if there was a proper public sentiment in the Northern States. No better Fugitive Slave law could be devised, by this Congress or any other. It clothes the Judiciary and Executive of this government with ample powers to execute the laws. We don't complain that any Executive has ever been derelict in his duty in the discharge of this law. Mr. Fillmore was President when this law was passed, and it received his sanction; and I am ready to say that, so far as he was concerned, he carried it out. Gen. Pierce carried it out, and the present Executive. So far as they have the power, they have done their duty faithfully. But we know well that no slave has been reclaimed from the Northern States, except under circumstances of the greatest difficulty and danger, and often loss of life. It is not a defect in the law itself; but it is in the fact, to which no man can shut his eyes, that a vitiated public sentiment in the Northern States is so strong against slavery that no enactment can ever be carried out while this state of public sentiment lasts. It is true that now and then a slave is reclaimed. But it has been done at the point of the bayonet, and at an expense of ten times the value of the slave. Why is it, sir? Not because the law is defective, but because public sentiment is defective and wrong. Nor do I charge the failure of the execution of this law upon these Personal Liberty bills. No, sir, they have never operated to prevent the execution of the Fugitive Slave law. It is, as I said, mob law, in all circumstances, which has produced these results, and will, as long as the Union and slavery last together. Whenever a fugitive slave shall be discovered in one of the free States, and the owner goes in pursuance of law and the Constitution to reclaim him, what follows? They obtain the arrest of the slave, but before the case comes before a Justice, or before judgment can be rendered, there is a mob of free negroes, and whites who are only one degree removed from their colored brothers in brutality and ignorance. They assemble and wrest the negro from the possession of the owner, while the conservative masses, the "gentlemen," those who are in favor of justice, who believe the owner is entitled, under the Constitution and the law, to reclaim the slave, what do they do? They stand with folded arms, and look upon these mobs, and laugh to scorn these Southern people. Even the Senator from New Hampshire said the other day that he believed the Southern people were entitled to reclaim their slaves. But how often has he stood by and seen these mobs execute their foul purposes? Has he ever striven to correct this vitiated public sentiment? Sir, he has stimulated it, and so have other Senators from the North.

Mr. HALE (Rep. N. H.) [in his seat]—Never.

Mr. IVERSON—What more can Congress do on this subject? Does the Senator from Kentucky propose to amend the Fugitive Slave law? It has been suggested that a remedy might be found in an alteration of the Constitution, in some act of Congress, in which the free States, who secrete and refuse to bring back our slaves, will be liable in damages. In the first place, what would such a law be worth? You can't sue a State. A State, in its sovereign capacity, cannot be brought into Court. If a thousand slaves were received by Massachusetts, and refused to be returned, how can you sue the State of Massachusetts? That would be impracticable and impossible. Besides, you would have to sue in a Court of Massachusetts. The jury who was to decide on your rights would be a jury of Abolitionists. The defendants who are to be mulcted are the parties who compose the jury, and the judges who decide on the claims of owners. All such propositions as that are mere mockery, and no man can suppose that such a remedy as that would be worth a dollar or a cent. Then, sir, it is proposed to appease the Southern States by the adoption of the doctrines of Congressional protection to slavery in the Territories? Is that the remedy this resolution is intended to find out? I want to know who expects such a remedy as that will ever be accorded by this Congress or any other? We know that the Republican party are a unit upon that question. It is the great shibboleth on which they fought this battle and won it. It is the very principle which stands at the basis of their political organization. It is, that slavery shall not advance beyond its present boundaries, and shall never plant a footprint in the Territories of the United States. It must necessarily meet the disapproval of every one of the 1,850,000 Republicans who cast their votes for Lincoln and Hamlin; and how many Northern Democrats will be brought to its support? We know well that, as far as a portion of the Northern Democrats are concerned, they were as hostile to this principle as the Republicans themselves. The Northern Douglas-non-interference-Squatter-Sovereignty party is represented on this floor by the Senator from Illinois, and his friend from Ohio, Mr. Pugh. Would they vote for it? We have already heard the Senator from Ohio say he would let his arm rot from his shoulder in its socket, before he would vote for Congressional protection. I tell Senators here to-day that the Southern people will never be satisfied with anything short of Congressional protection to slavery in the Territories. We know our rights, under the Constitution. We stand as equal States in this confederacy, and we are entitled to equal participation in the common property. We know well that we never can enjoy equal possession of the Territories without protection to our property. I know well where the Wilmot Proviso and Non-intervention-Squatter-Sovereignty would lead. It would lead to the total exclusion of the Southern States from any Territory which is now possessed or may be hereafter acquired. We will never submit to any such dictation as that. We are entitled to the protection of our property, and we intend to have it, in the Union if we can get it, and out of the Union if we cannot get it in. I understand the object of all this prohibitory legislation. The result of both is to exclude the South from any entrance into the Territories with their slave property. It is to circumscribe the area of slavery, and to hem it in on all sides, and, by the operations of the Federal Government upon the border States, compelling them, as a matter of policy and interest, in order to get rid of their slaves, to precipitate them upon the cotton States. Then, sir, it will be but a few months before the border States in the Union will become free States. Let this government pass into the hands of the Republican party—let them be installed in power—let them get possession of the two Houses of Congress, as they will get possession of them in less than two years—let them bring the power and patronage of this government to bear upon the border States—and let it be understood that the government is in the hands of those who are unfriendly to slavery, and let it be understood that the government is divorced from slavery, and it will be left entirely to the States themselves, with no sympathy from the Federal Government or assistance to us in difficulty or danger. Let the Post Offices and the mails be put in the hands of the Republican party, sending their seditious tracts to every portion of the South—let all the power of the government be brought to bear to help on incendiarism, John Brown raids, murderings, poisonings, and revolts, what would be the condition of the border States? Slavery would be a curse, instead of a blessing, then, and they would get rid of such slaves as were not taken off by the "Underground Railroad," and they would be sent to the Southern States. Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Missouri, and Kentucky would in a few years add to the power of the free States of this government. The slaves thus carried off from the border States, and sold to the South, will be confined, in a few years, to some eight or ten Gulf States. Now, sir, look at the process. We have now in the United States four millions and a half of slaves. They increase, according to the last Census bill, at the rate of about thirty-two per cent. every ten years. If you precipitate all this population into eight or ten Gulf States, we will have, in ten years, 6,000,000, in twenty years we shall have 8,000,000 or 9,000,000, and in thirty years 12,000,000 to 15,000,000. In less than twenty years the slave population of the South will largely preponderate over the white. Then will come universal emancipation by the Federal Government, and such scenes of murder between the two races as have never been seen or heard of in the whole world's history. Such, in my opinion, is the inevitable result, and such is the policy of the free States. They understand, as well as I do, how these things work out, and it is especially their course to bring about this very state of things, and in that very form. Long before these events occur, the free States will be swelled by a majority that is irresistible. The border States will be free, the Territories west will be planted into States by the hotbed process of Northern abolition emigration, and the South will be lying at the very feet of the North. Yet the border States complain of the cotton States, in the movement that is now in progress. They say we have no right to take them out of the Union against their will. Sir, I want to know what right they have to keep us in the Union against our will? If we want to go out, let us go. If they want to stay, let them stay. They are sovereign States. Let them decide this question for themselves. I will not complain, when and how and where they go. I am satisfied, however, that they will go when the time comes for them to decide. They complain of us, that we make so much noise and confusion about the Fugitive Slave law when we do not lose any slaves; but it is not for the want of good faith in the Northern States, so far as the reclamation of fugitive slaves is concerned, that the Southern States are moving in this great revolution. We look infinitely beyond this petty loss of a few negroes. We know what is coming. Sir, in this Union, it is universal emancipation, and the turning loose upon society, in the Southern States, of this mass of corruption which will be made by emancipation. And we intend to avoid it if we can. The border States can get along without slavery. Their climate and soil are appropriate to white labor. They can live and flourish without slavery. The cotton States cannot. We are obliged to have African slavery to cultivate our rice and cotton fields. African slavery is essential to our existence as a people. It is not surprising, when we see this storm coming from the North to overwhelm us, that we should seek our safety when we can, by setting up for ourselves an independent sovereignty, upon which none of these causes can produce any effect. And now, again recurring to the question, I tell Senators that the Southern States now moving for secession will never be satisfied with any concession made by the North that does not fully recognize not only the existence of slavery in its present form, but also the right of the Southern people to emigrate to the common Territories with their slave property, and their right to Congressional protection while in the Territory. . . . . Whatever will fall short of that, will not be of any weight, or even be accepted by the Southern States. I do not believe any concessions can be obtained, and if they are obtained, of what value would they be, granted in a state of fear? I do not use this word in any offensive sense. But the North, if it yields at all, yields to the fear that the South is going to dissolve the Union. What value would such concessions be to the South? Nay, I want to know what value any pledges or guaranties would be from the Northern States? None, sir, as long as a vitiated public sentiment of abolition exists. And when is that going to decay? Never, so long as the Union lasts. It is a part of their political creed. It enters into all their ramifications of society, into the pulpit, the school-house. All teach this doctrine of the "irrepressible conflict"; and how many arguments in favor of slavery, its morality, its social blessings, ever reach the Northern ear? How are you going to reach this feeling? There is but one way. That is, to let the South go out of the Union; and when the North sees its folly, then the feeling may recoil, and a sound state of feeling may arise, but not till then. I have no confidence in the plighted faith, in the *Punica fides* of the Northern people. I don't believe my constituents are willing to accept any compromise on this question, no matter how plausible upon paper, because we know it will only be a paper compromise, which is not worth the snap of a man's finger. I look upon this proposition as nothing else than a delusion and a snare, intended to operate on the public mind in these seceding States, and to put arguments into the mouths of the submissive party at the South, and urge upon the people a little more delay, a little more folding of hands, a little more procrastination. Put it off, put it off. Let us see what this great proposition will work out. Try everything that is suggested by my friend from Pennsylvania (Mr. Bigler). We have been trying for twenty-five years, and what has it produced? Twenty-five years ago they had but 7,000 men to support their party; now they have carried one of the most ultra, I had almost said one of the most infamous, not in person, but in politics—one of the most ultra, aye, two of them, in as President and Vice-President, by an overwhelming majority. This is the result of our prayers and expostulations. They have accomplished all this without the power and patronage of the government. Now, when they have that power and patronage, what are we to expect but a rapid consummation of the dire troubles which I have depicted? I believe this proposition can end in nothing but delay. I believe the question is settled, and no power this side of Heaven can avert the result. South Carolina has determined to risk all on this die, and other States will follow. Those west of the Mississippi are moving. That this Union is to be dissolved is a fixed fact, and no tinkering of the Constitution or of committees of thirty-three or thirteen can avert the consequences.

SPEECH OF SENATOR WIGFALL.

[In the Senate, Dec. 12th, Mr. Wigfall, of Texas, made a speech, from which we give these extracts:]

If the Northern States desire it, this Union can be saved, but this Union cannot be saved by flattery, either on the floor of the Senate or on the stump. You cannot save the Union by singing hosannahs to it! You cannot save the Union by making Fourth-of-July speeches! You have got to come to the work before you, and do something practically. The people of the different slaveholding States, especially the cotton States along the Gulf, are dissatisfied with the government as about to be administered by the incoming administration. There is nothing that will satisfy them except proper amendments of the Constitution—amendments that will vest in the Federal Government not only the power, but make it an imperative duty, to protect slave property as it protects every other species of property; and these amendments must be made by the Northern States unanimously, or the people of the Southern States will not be satisfied, and I say they ought not to be. If amendments to the Constitution, which would secure us everything we ask, were ratified by fifteen slave and ten non-slaveholding States, it would be considered a part of the Constitution. But if eight of the non-slaveholding States voted against the amendments, and yet they were made a part of the Constitution, we would say, at once, here are amendments to the Constitution which are distasteful to eight of the non-slaveholding States, and which will probably be disregarded just the same as they disregard the present Constitution. Suppose that amendments to the Constitution were proposed, and fifteen slave States should ratify them, and ten non-slaveholding States should do the same, but that New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, and other border States, should refuse to ratify the amendments, of what practical use would the amendments be to us? None! What is the use, then, of discussing what we would be satisfied with, when nothing has been offered to us? What's the use, when we don't believe we will be permitted to retain even that which we now have, if the two Senators from New York, the Senators from Massachusetts, the Senator from Ohio, the two Senators from Illinois, the Senator from New Hampshire, the Senators from Maine, and others, who are regarded as Republican men, deny that, under the Constitution, slaves are recognized as property. If we could believe they would go to their constituents and urge the ratification of proper amendments, we believe the Gulf States would suspend action; certainly so, if the amendments could be ratified and carried out in good faith; that they will cease preaching the "irrepressible conflict"; that they shall declare slaves are property; that they shall be delivered up when fugitives; that abolition societies shall be abolished, and abolition presses suppressed; that abolition speeches no longer be made; that we shall have pirates and murderers, and our women in slavery. . . . Stop within your borders damning presses, public speakers who excite the people against us; and I say to those States, You shall not—that is the word I choose to use, and I represent a feeling of determination of the people I represent. You shall not permit men to go there to excite our citizens by making John Brown speeches and bringing strychnine within the limits of the State. I represent you shall not publish newspapers and pamphlets to excite the slaves to insurrection. You shall not publish newspapers and pamphlets to excite the non-slaveholder against the slaveholder. We will have peace, and, if you don't offer it to us, we'll quietly have our rights under the constitutional compact, or withdraw from the Union, and establish a government for ourselves. If you then persist in aggression, these sovereign States will settle the question; and, when you laugh at these impotent efforts, as you regard them, I tell you that cotton is king, and that cotton waves his sceptre not only over thirty-three States, but over the island of Great Britain and over Continental Europe. There's no crowned head, either upon that island or the continent, that does not bend the knee in fear, and acknowledge allegiance to that power. Five millions of people in Great Britain live upon cotton. You may make your grain and they can husband; but exhaust cotton for one week, and all England will starve. They will not burst open barns, but will burn whole houses. We can have a direct trade of two hundred and fifty millions to our own ports, instead of Boston, Philadelphia and New York, if we go out of the Union. Our imports will amount to two hundred and fifty millions, and forty per cent. upon that puts into our Treasury one hundred million dollars; twenty per cent. gives fifty millions. You suppose numbers constitute the strength of government. I tell you it's the almighty dollar. When your operatives are turned out, when capitalists are broken, will you go to direct taxation? When you cease to have exports, will you have imports? Factories will then be burned down, and capitalists go to the wall.

SPEECH OF EX-GOVERNOR ADAMS.

[At Charleston, S. C., Dec. 7, Ex-Governor Adams made a speech, of which we have this report.]

The Abolitionists were our best friends. Thank God for what they have already done; and for the inestimable blessing they were about to confer, they were entitled to our warmest gratitude (laughter). Their assaults have been unceasing, but all for our good. If, to-morrow morning, they repealed every anti-slavery law, and said they would never whisper the word "negro" again, he would still cut loose his connection with them (applause). The climate, the soil, and the habits of the people rendered it unsafe for Maine and Texas to be under the same government. The idea of our fathers, that representation was the bulwark of protection for the Union, had proved a fallacy, if 90 Southern men, were they all Calhouns in intellect, would not weigh against 140 of the Lovejoys and the Hickmans. Our ancestors made a sad blunder when they went into partnership with the Pilgrim Fathers, who came across the ocean in search of toleration, but became the most relentless persecutors in the world. They threw the tea overboard, but they did it like thieves, wearing the guise of Indians, and knowing that no indictment would lay against them (laughter). It was true, the Revolutionary war commenced then; but the biggest part of the Revolutionary war was fought at the South, after Washington took charge of the army. Their courage, like Bob Acres, oozed out at their fingers' ends (laughter). He would not go into the history of the tariff, and show how it swindled the South; but the pension system was adopted 30 or 40 years after the Revolution, when it was supposed that most of the old soldiers were dead, and New England immediately turned out more soldier claimants than were enrolled in the whole Revolutionary army (laughter). If secession brought peace, he hoped we would enjoy its introduction; but if it brought war, we were the most unfortunate people on earth, for we had not bread and meat enough to feed the people who would come here to help us to fight our battles (laughter and applause). He did not believe war would come of it; and, if they wanted our blood, invite them to the banquet. Throw away the scabbard, and let them understand we will neither give nor ask quarter (applause). They might overrun the country, but if we were animated by the spirit of our fathers, the swamps which protected Marion were here yet, and the soil grows as good potatoes now as then (applause). He did not have much confidence in Virginia, because she refused to treat with the Commissioner of South Carolina. It was just as hard to turn a Virginian as a Louisiana sugar planter. If she would secede, then he would listen to her. In conclusion, he said that on the 17th, 18th or 19th, he did not know which, but as soon as the ordinance could be drawn, he would vote to secede, and stay in secession till doomsday (loud applause).

DR. CHEEVER STILL IN TROUBLE.

From The New York Chronicle (Baptist).

DR. CHEEVER does not find his path so smooth as he expected amongst his sympathizers in England. The material aid, which he persists in asking in spite of the protest of his Church that they neither need nor wish it, does not come readily. Some degree of wordy comfort the Englishmen are willing to give the slavery-phobic Doctor, but they meanwhile keep their hands tight upon their pockets. Indeed, this uncomfortable man meets with about as much opposition in the land to which he doubtless looked forward as a kind of earthly Elysium, a very Canaan in which to rest his tortured soul, as in his own country and amongst his own brethren.

The latest misfortune which has befallen the Doctor, is in encountering the opposition of Dr. Campbell, the editor of *The British Standard.*

This Dr. Campbell is one of the first and foremost of those who opened wide their arms to receive the persecuted American. But it seems that Dr. Cheever, after his usual fashion, took occasion in one of his recent speeches to extol the Christian character of William Lloyd Garrison, and this man the English Churches have come to regard as a violent adversary of Christianity, and as the editor of a paper which openly traduces what Christians hold most dear. Dr. Campbell, in particular, having had some intercourse with him, has learned in a hard experience the character of Mr. Garrison. So, he takes strong exceptions to the eulogy of Dr. Cheever upon the evangelical virtues of the man, and calls the Doctor to account for his words. "We have for many years had unquestionable proof," says Dr. Campbell, "that Mr. Garrison is precisely such as we have represented him—a stern adversary of the Church of Christ."

He then, after quoting from THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, of this city, in support of his position, says:

"We much regret that Dr. Cheever should have got into such company. We fear, as has been suggested to us, that he is the victim of circumstances. He is a man of a generous and a noble nature, liable to be led away by the fervor of his benevolence, which conceals from him the true character of his new associates. It is only of late that he went into the Garrison camp. The great subject has taken such a hold on his feeling heart that his friends suppose it absorbs other, and even higher, considerations. Slavery has become a hobby with him. He resembles, it has been suggested, a class of excellent men among ourselves—Christian ministers—who have been carried away by teetotalism, which is with them the Alpha and Omega of their ministry. It is the burden of their conversation, of their platform speeches, of their pulpit addresses, and their very prayers! Thus the Gospel is in a great measure lost in the goblet, and the Cross of Christ is superseded by the pledge! The result is, that not only are the world and the non-pledged portion of the Church offended and driven away, but even temperance men are grieved and constrained to protest that there is 'too much of a good thing.' Giving all credit to such people for good intention, we do submit that there is a more excellent way.

"We deeply regret that Dr. Cheever should stand opposed to the mass of his Christian countrymen, men quite as true to the cause of the slave as himself, although unable to shut themselves up to one idea. They look for the world's liberation through the Gospel; Mr. W. L. Garrison looks for it apart from the Gospel, and in spite of the Gospel! Need we say with whom lie our sympathy and our confidence? From the Gospel we expect everything: from infidel philosophy or *negative theology*—nothing!"

Such a feeling we think is spreading among the Christians of England, and it will temper the praise they give Dr. Cheever, and seriously diminish what little pecuniary aid he was likely to get for his divided Church.

Selections.

THE BAPTISTS OF LONDON TO THE BAPTISTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

AT the Quarterly Meeting of the Board, held on Tuesday, October 31st ult., the Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., in the chair, it was resolved,

"To prepare a Fraternal Address to the Baptist Churches in America, based upon the facts which have been recently disclosed in relation to slavery in that country."

The Rev. C. Stovel, J. H. Hinton, and the Secretary, were appointed a committee to prepare such Address, and the Rev. C. Stovel was requested kindly to draw it up.

At a Meeting of the said Board, holden at the Mission House, Moorgate street, on Tuesday, 20th Nov., 1860, the Rev. James Hoby, D.D., in the chair,

The Secretary reported that the committee had met on the 13th Nov., when Mr. Stovel presented an Address, which was approved for submission to the Board.

Resolved, on the report of the Secretary, that the Rev. Chas. Stovel be requested to read the prepared Address.

On hearing the Address, it was resolved that the Address be received, and then adopted.

On further consideration, Resolved,

"That the Address to our American brethren, on the subject of slavery, prepared by the committee at the request of the Board, and approved and adopted this 20th day of Nov., 1860, be signed by the Chairman on our behalf, and forwarded by the Secretary of this Board to the Editor of *The American Baptist* newspaper, New York, and *The Watchman*, Boston, U. S., America."

Resolved, "That the thanks of this Board be presented to the Rev. Charles Stovel for his kindness in preparing the excellent Address which has now been adopted and signed."

A FRATERNAL APPEAL.

The Board of Baptist Ministers in and around London, To the Ministers, Officers, and Members of the Baptist Churches in the United States, with Christian salutation:

DEAR BRETHREN: We thank you again for the candor and moral dignity with which many in your communion responded to our communication on behalf of the enslaved and colored inhabitants of America, forwarded in 1833. Pressed by the emergencies of that time, it was felt to be our privilege and duty to solicit your sympathy, prayers, and coöperation. The results which have followed, in this great moral conflict, have been watched with the deepest interest and with ever brightening hope.

Hostility to any proposal for delivering an oppressed race is only what we have to expect from men who have power to oppress, who love the fruits of oppression, and who feel that their subsistence and safety depend on the violence which makes oppression extinguish resistance. Until such fellow-citizens can be delivered from the error that enslaves their own judgments, they must contend, as for life, against whatever is designed to emancipate the victims of their cruelty.

Humiliating as it is to know that in a great nation like your own, persons, otherwise deserving great esteem, should think that, by the Providence of a Holy God, their safety and happiness have been made dependent on an exercise of cruelties which he condemns and abhors; yet this is only a reproduction of the trial which was met with so much fortitude, and with such happy consequences, by Knibb and his associates in the island of Jamaica. Such delusion operating in the United States explains the desire for subjugating Cuba—the wrongs done to Mexico—the piratical importation of stolen Africans on your Southern coast, with the subjugation of those stolen Africans to slavery when they are imported. It is this which has produced and maintains the efforts made in some of your States to enslave or expatriate the free colored people. This vile supposition produces the guilty fear evinced in efforts constantly put forth to secure a multiplication of slave States, that these, at whatever expense, may create and preserve, in your Central Government, a balance of power in favor of slavery, and implicate the Union in its guilt. This monstrous delusion has also produced the cruelties which are used to fill the slaves with absolute despair—and that rending the religious fraternal associations which is designed to stifle humanity in the Church of Christ, and to extinguish the desire for emancipation in all Christian men. These appalling features of social existence, brethren, are only the legitimate productions of a system which, originating in open unrighteousness, demurely seeks sophistical defences from the Word of God; until, made desperate in their failure, by rising into open warfare with the Gospel of Salvation, it seals and consummates its own most righteous doom.

All the civil relations of this, your great national sin, we leave for consideration and treatment to Christian men in political stations, with only two remarks.

First. If all the acuteness, labor, and expense which have, since 1840, been wasted in the defence and extension of American slavery, had, in the fear of God, been consecrated to his service, before this present time the slavery of America, and its still more barbarous slave trade, would have melted away into amicable relations, producing social felicity and national strength.

Secondly. Our Lord, his apostles, and the first believers occupied a position essentially differing from your own. Subject to laws which had been made by ungodly men, and suffering persecution, with all other personal wrongs, they exalted God, by patiently enduring the wrongs which he permitted, to expose the malignity of sin in preparation for his judgment. But followers of the Lamb, when raised in his Providence to a position in which they may make for themselves the laws which shall govern their own commonwealth, are not at liberty to adopt as precedents the legislation of heathen, or of Jews, who made the law of God of non-effect. Disciples of the Christ may suffer wrong which is inflicted by others, and, like many of the noble-hearted slaves and colored people of America, they may do good for evil; but they must not be the authors of evil, nor join in the enacting of unrighteous laws. It is at their peril if they dissolve relations which God has made sacred; or establish others which he condemns as infamous. In America, where the people are supreme, every Christian man is eminently responsible to God for the part he takes in enacting, or in silently permitting to be enacted, retained or defended, a law for the perpetration of unrighteousness. The more each citizen of America exults in his superior civil privilege, the more ought he to reverence his responsibility to God; because the civil privilege of each Christian citizen in America gives force to the testimony which he may bear against the oppression by which God is, in America, blasphemed: connivance at the sin implicates you in its guilt; but, whatever the inducement pleaded for the offence, "*He who sayeth unto the wicked, thou art righteous, him shall the people curse, nations shall abhor him.*"

By the action taken in 1833 and following years, we hoped that our responsibility in this great stain upon America and her Christian Churches would have ceased; but the affliction has now reached us in another form. Open ever to fraternal teaching and admonition, we desire also to share the sweetness of fraternal hospitality and communion. Christian brethren from your shores have been to us as angels in the blessings which they have brought into the homes and Churches of England. In our anxiety to secure these fruits of love in Christ, we become now exposed to moral danger. Brethren coming from America, and in fellowship with Baptist Churches there, in terms which we seem unable to mistake, profess to be opposed to slavery in all its forms, and advocates of emancipation, while yet the fact transpires, that these very brethren are, at home, friends to the slaveholders, to the defenders of the pernicious system, and helpers on of those very measures by which American slavery is perpetuated and embittered. By this objectionable refinement in the use of words, confidence is broken, and brethren here become implicated in a crime which they abhor. Bear with us, brethren, while we entreat you to consider whether such dishonor done to Christian fellowship may not be prevented, by a more perfect and open administration of Christian discipline, to men who are implicated in the criminalities of slavery, and also to its numerous and diversified advocates.

The confidence of Christian brethren, which ought never to be abused in anything, demands, in its relation to an evil of this magnitude, a most delicate integrity. We can respect an open victim of prejudice in favor of slavery, with more ease than we can endure complicity with men who here profess to abhor slavery, while at home, in the midst of its flagitious consequences, they do all that they dare to do in the support and defence of it.

A further evil weighs upon our hearts. Persons of color appear in our country as refugees, fleeing danger from the American Fugitive Slave laws. We feel for them and for the race to which they belong. Whatever the sin recorded in their existence, its guilt can never belong to them. Admit that their fathers were unchaste: yet by what law of God can these descendants of white men be for ever branded with shame for guilt that is not their own? They have sought and found mercy where their transgressing fathers may, if they still live, find mercy too. The one place on earth where this injured population may meet the white people of America with one heart, forgetting all the wrongs they have endured, and rejoicing in the same salvation, is the House of God and the Throne of Mercy. With us they are honorable and beloved as faithful in the Lord: and white believers in the United States, who now refuse them this privilege, dishonor their profession by [illegible] corrupting their own faith, and disgrace themselves by proclaiming and appropriating the malefactions of their ancestors.

Legal refinements, wickered into ancient examples of service, afford no just or effective defence for American slavery. Servitude, as recognized by Jewish law, and Patriarchial precedents, would be more fatal than freedom to slaveholding speculation in your Southern States. American slavery, with infamous idiosyncracy, demands abhorrence, both from God and man, by its own intrinsic elements. Your slaveholders demand a power of working men to death, of whipping, paddling, torturing, wounding, maiming, and by slow burning, with other barbarous means of summarily terminating human life. Having reduced the human body to a machine created only for their use or pastime, they advance to exert dominion over the soul. They control the acts of conscience, extinguish in their slaves the exercise of devotion towards God, deprive them of instruction from God's Word, dissolve the tie of marriage, sanction by so-called religious rites relationships that are adultery, they break up households, defile women, and having so produced the proof of their shame in the too much injured race of color—sell their own children as beasts taken from the field. Rights are thus invaded which God has holden sacred, reserving them under his own power in preparation for his coming judgment. To desire such licentious rule is infamous, to yield it is impiety, and to seize it by violence is a treason both against nature and against God. A perpetrator of this slavery rises before mankind as if HE *were* God; speaks *as* God, and acts the man of sin. The more such folly is defended by unscrupulous perversions of divine truth, the more are believers in Jesus bound, with all the weight of his divine authority, in his name and for his glory, to denounce the treason, to defend its victims, and to discard its advocates.

Decision of treatment is required, brethren, from you, by the unscrupulous selection which has been made, of measures used in the defence of American slavery and its advocates. That the slaveholders have abused their power, is admitted by men who defend its protection by law; but the defence of that power is advanced in terms which conceal and guard its whole atrocity in moral, social, and physical wrong. The abstraction, in argument, is made to appear mild and gentle as parental rule; while the concrete is, in the realities of daily life, a social and barbarous monstrosity. The means employed to crush the spirit of the slaves and colored people, and to press them down beneath all hope of redress for their multifarious wrongs, are, in our estimation, shameful. The excessive labor of the South, the cold calculation on its relief for surplus slave population, the whipping, wounding, maiming, torturing, and even burning alive, used to subdue a desire for freedom, whenever it becomes detected; the brutal American slave trade; the piracy of stolen Africans on your Southern coasts; the Fugitive Slave law, with Southern slave-hunters and their bloodhounds; are expedients used on individual persons, which, taken together, are absurd, and, studied in their separate operations, admit of no apology. Professed desire for extinguishing slavery if it were possible, is out-faced by the absurd proposal of colonization, and the ardent effort made by the same men to multiply slave States and to extend slavery. The vulgar appeal to brute force which has appeared in your Senate house, and the spasmodic exertion to influence elections, and prejudice the Central Government in favor of slavery, are proofs that slavery in America is loved by men unable to supply for it any rational and dignified defence. The withholding of moneys and service from the work of God in other lands, until the associations of Christian men have been packed with partizans who consent to express no sorrow for your national sin, and no pity for your slaves; with the misconstruction of God's Holy Word, that it may seem to shelter and sustain a cruelty and defilement which God abhors, are, with those which have been named, and others that might be named, expedients too obviously wrong to admit of any toleration amongst disciples of the Redeemer. He redeemed men from these sins or nothing. Admit that men, whether white or black, are of God's creation; yet, in the supremacy of his moral government, he will, for these, and criminalities such as these, visit with condemnation the very men whom he himself has made.

American believers in Christ abound in mercies; and therefore they are under greater obligation to serve and exalt the Author of their mercies. If slaves and colored people appear in present disadvantage through the injuries which they endure, they have, in their weakness, a greater claim to love and sympathy. Take heed, brethren, that ye despise not one of these little ones. Why send the Gospel to Africa; and yet, while boasting of this seal, withhold the Gospel from Africans enslaved on your own properties? American slaveholders, proclaiming joyful tidings of mercy to a guilty world, turn those very tidings into absurdity by the merciless slavery to which they cling. We beseech you, brethren, think not that such inconsistency can ever give strength and honor to the kingdom of our Lord. "Be not partakers in other men's sins," is a direct command. Jehovah, whom you serve, is able to provide both men and money for his work of love without the gains of slavery, slave trading, the piracy of stolen Africans, with diverse cruelty and bloodshed, collected by making shameful concessions to slaveholders in the Southern States of North America. Be sure, brethren, that if by one fearful act of divine judgment, the slavery-loving States in your Union should, like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, justly sink down for ever and cease to be, their absence would speedily cease to be felt in the Kingdom of the Redeemer. It is made certain that our blessed Lord shall reign; and reigning, he will come to judgment: but when he comes, he will hold us responsible for nothing so much as for failing to secure, for his sake, a freedom from voluntary complicity with the sin which has rioted at our own doors.

Our divine example was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners; yet the exercise of his compassion rises to intensity when the greatest sinners become its objects. Multitudes in calamity were sought, found, comforted, and blessed, while he, in peaceful love, pointed them to a higher and better state, where sorrow and oppression could be felt no more; but when a city was before him, filled with rulers, lawyers, priests, and religious sects, who were cruel, profligate and vain, making the law of God to be of none effect, and reckless of human life, as of moral principle, when defending their tyranny and defilement; then Jesus, in an agony of compassion cried, "Oh, that thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace." Here divine compassion melts, not for the sufferers but for the authors of wrong: for men whose guilt was increased by their advantages, and whose punishment darkened the whole prospect of eternity. As Jesus grieved for Jerusalem, brethren, we grieve for America in her sin. It is made national by her laws, it is combined with her religion, it is augmented by defilement of the Church, and its defences have dishonored the oracles of God. The injury inflicted by American slavery upon others may end with this mortal life; but its guilt will lay heavy on the conscience of its authors: and its advocates may be pitied in their prospect for eternity. We mourn for the present of the slaves: but more for the future of their oppressors. Mistake us not, therefore, in love and pity for the doers of this multifarious wrong, and for their abettors; we pray that in the Churches which are free, a faithful administration of discipline may be maintained; that all who are implicated in the guilt of it may be admonished of the evil, emancipated from its power, and saved from its final punishment.

Providence, ever careful for its objects in oppression, has been peculiarly gracious to your nation in recent political events. Your late election proves that workers in the cause of humanity and righteousness never labor in vain. We rejoice in the event, and, while in many persons supposed to be religious a professed abhorrence of slavery combines with zeal to promote it; while your slave legislation is advancing to a more refined system of legal torture; while your Fugitive Slave law and kidnapping spread fear and grief and shame through your Northern States; while association meetings and meetings for the revival of religion are being held in unthought of combination with the punishment and sale of slaves; while assemblies for daily prayer are holden, in which the wants and miseries of four millions of souls in America cannot be named, because the influence and guilty fear of slaveholders has silenced humanity in the Church of Christ; while conversions, which bring forth no compassion for the oppressed, and no abhorrence for the impure, are reported to the world by thousands; while ministers of the Christ defend a barbarous oppression of those for whom he died; while all things sacred seem to quail before the boastful agencies of this dishonor done to all mankind; and, above all, while woman, transformed by a domestic jealousy which is only too just, and despoiled of her native delicacy, in compassion, is made, to slaves of her own sex, the most ingenious and unrelenting of tormentors: it is matter for joy and hope, brethren, [illegible] hostility, to the utmost limit that your law permits, there are in America men and women who, inspired by humanity, the love of Jesus and the love of souls, will, with tenderness, dexterity, and danger to themselves, labor to secure deliverance for these captives of unrighteousness. May Jehovah prosper them in every attempt, and keep them safe from harm. Such, brethren, demand and have our special sympathy, affection and reverence. May he who shunned not our flesh, but came that he might comfort all who mourn, now listening to the creation which groaneth under vanity, combine with this noble-hearted zeal in them the greater operations of his own Almighty love, and lead them on to victory.

Dear brethren, we are, yours in the Lord,
(Signed on behalf of the London Baptist Board,)
JAMES HOBY, D.D., Chairman.
London, Nov. 20, 1860.

DEAR SIR: I beg to communicate to you the above documents connected with the recent transactions of the Baptist Board, in London, with relation to American slavery. You will greatly oblige by complying with the request of the Board by inserting them in your valuable paper. Yours truly,
WM. BARKER, Secretary of the Board.
Nov. 20th, 1860.

LIFE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Dec. 7, 1860.

EVER since the present excitement began, there has existed throughout the State of South Carolina, and especially in the city of Charleston, a system of espionage more tyrannous than ever prevailed in Austria. Vigilance Committees and Minute Men are everywhere. At the railway stations in the interior, if a stranger steps from the cars, a Vigilant Committeeman is at once on his track; word is passed that a suspicious character is around, and it is lucky for the individual against whom suspicion is thus directed, if he is not seized and turned back in his course, if nothing worse happens to him. This is sure to be the case, if the spies do not deem the answer given to every question—impertinent and insulting as they are certain to be—satisfactory. If these gentry do not every now and then overhaul somebody, and make motions, at least, toward hanging some one according to the code of Lynch, they seem to think they are not doing their duty. They have a relish for the business, and delight to talk about hanging "d—d Abolitionists," "Yankee hypocrites," etc., terms of which they make the freest use. The country swarms with these fellows, into whose hands one having a Bible, or, indeed, almost any publication other than "1860 Association" documents, would not care to fall. As a general thing, these men are organized into military companies, soon to be drafted into the Grand Army of South Carolina. It is astonishing to note how many Colonels, Majors, and Captains there are among them. Precisely where the rank and file are, no one readily comprehends. These titled personages all expect to retain their rank and the pay thereof in the Grand Army. Hence the struggle in the Legislature to bestow on the soldiers the selection of their officers, instead of giving their appointment to the Governor. It is related that, at a muster the other day, it was proposed to take an expression from the rank and file of their preference. An active caucus had been going on for some time, and every candidate felt sure of being elected to the post to which he aspired. In order to make it all fair, it was proposed, and agreed to, that the candidates themselves should not participate in the election, but should withdraw. Accordingly it was requested that all candidates for office should step five paces in front of the line; when all but three men made an advance movement! It is further related, that these three, thus clothed with authority, elected themselves, one Colonel, another Lieutenant-Colonel, the other Major, and filled up the list from the outsiders!

This class of men, indeed almost everybody in South Carolina, seem to think that their subjugation is to be attempted by the people of the North; that Massachusetts, Vermont, and New York regiments are soon to invade the soil of this their State, set all their negroes free, and overspread the country with slaughter and desolation. This is the sort of stuff taught them by their leaders. Nothing is allowed that does not pander to the insane ideas of the times. A Union speech by a Northern man would be regarded as an incendiary document, and, as such, suppressed. The late speech of the Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, was not permitted to circulate in South Carolina, and was very widely suppressed in Georgia even.

INSANITY IN NEW ORLEANS.

From The Chicago Tribune.

A GENTLEMAN of Chicago, direct from New Orleans, where he has been spending a short time for commercial purposes, tells us that we of the North can form no adequate idea of the blind, unreasoning passion and insensate fury by which the people of that city and the extreme South are animated. They are for instant and unconditional dissolution of the Union, at any price, and at all hazards. They want no compromises, no concession, no bargains, no amendments of the Constitution. They are for a Southern Confederacy—nothing less. There is, he tells us, a conservative class, but they are borne along with the crowd, and dare not yet lift a voice in remonstrance against the extreme measures upon which the populace are bent; nor do they hope that anything like reason will again rule the hour until some fatal act is committed which will separate the cotton States from the Union, and perhaps plunge the country into civil war. Of course, in the midst of excitement like that which reigns in New Orleans, no Northern man, unless untrue to his principles, or under the protection of powerful friends, is safe. To be suspected of Republicanism is the signal for a warning; to be convicted of it is to be driven off. The movable police force is the mob, under the name of vigilance committees, and these the better class of citizens are powerless to restrain. There is, in fact, throughout all the cotton States an undisguised Reign of Terror.

The St. Charles Hotel is the centre of the excitement. That house is the common resort of the most violent of the fanatics, who, between their cups and their cursings, amuse themselves with hunting up, insulting, and driving off Northern men because they are Northern men. When our friend left the city, the ruffians had made a clean sweep, and that caravansary was without a resident of any of the free States within its walls. They had all been compelled to leave—some to quit the city and their business, others to look up more decent quarters, where violence and ruffianism are not the rule. One evening, in the reading-room of that establishment, the crowd was assembled as usual, and, as usual, the Abolitionists were the theme. Becoming excited, one man, said to be wealthy and influential, pulled out his pocket-book and said, "Here are $5,000, which I will subscribe to a fund to procure the assassination of Lincoln and Hamlin. Who'll swell the pile?" In ten minutes or less, more than $40,000 had been offered for this infamous purpose, and the names of the subscribers taken down. The witness of this transaction is far from believing that this was mere gasconade.

We are told, further, that masters of vessels and steamboats, if suspected of Free Soil proclivities, are not safe. Only a few days ago, a captain and the clerk of a river steamer were taken off their boat and

forced, by threats of hanging, to make their way North by the most expeditious route. It was said they had voted for Lincoln. Every day ship captains are subjected to wanton abuse and threats of violence, not because they are known to be Republicans, but because they are suspected of believing that buying and selling men is not pure Democracy, and the highest evidence of Christianity. New Orleans is certainly a miniature Pandemonium.

Our informant says that on his way through Southern Mississippi by coach (the railroad track being washed away for many miles), he saw the dead bodies of two men suspended by the neck from trees by the roadside. In answer to the inquiry, "For what were these men hung?" he was told, "Because they were d—d Abolitionists!" and the excuse for the barbarity displayed in permitting them to remain rotting in the sun was, that "Mississippians would not pollute the State by having d—d Abolitionists buried in the soil." This fact, says our informant, displays, as forcibly as anything else, the temper by which the extremists of that section of the country are impelled. In further proof of the insanity, he relates the escape of Professor Mitchell, the well-known astronomer of Cincinnati. He was on the cars going South, and when near Jackson, Miss., a man somewhat inflamed with liquor, but more with pro-slavery hate, entered into conversation with him on political subjects. The Professor was cautious and reserved; but venturing to say that he thought Mr. Lincoln was a conservative man, and would not do injustice to the South, his pro-slavery friend was greatly incensed; and when the train halted at Jackson, jumped to the platform and shouted to the crowd about the station! "There's a d—d Abolitionist on the train! Lynch him! Lynch him!" Instantly, at least fifty men jumped on and commenced a search for the offensive specimen of Northern opinion; but before the Professor could be pointed out, the conductor, seeing the danger, pulled his bell-cord, and the cars moved off, and with them the Professor with a whole skin.

We have not told a fourth that has been related to us of the state of opinion in the South; but we have given enough to satisfy all parties that when men of the North talk about conciliating such ruffians by compromise, they are fooling their time away. They mean revolution.

The Boston Mob, as Illustrating American Education.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS,

In the Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, Dec. 16, 1860.

Reported by J. M. W. YERRINTON.

THE desk at the Music Hall, in Boston, was occupied on Sunday last by WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., whose discourse had reference to the mob at the Tremont Temple on the 3d inst. The announcement of his name and subject, with some intimations that a disturbance might be anticipated, called together an immense audience which filled every seat and doorway of the great hall long before the usual hour for the commencement of the services.

At 10½ o'clock, John R. Manley, a prominent member of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society (the Rev. Theodore Parker's), worshipping at the Music Hall, read a hymn, which was sung by the choir, and then Mr. Phillips stepped forward and read some appropriate passages of Scripture, after which he gave out the hymn commencing

"Oppression shall not always reign,
There comes a brighter day," etc.

At the conclusion of the singing, Mr. Phillips proceeded with his discourse as follows:

I was present here last Sunday [when Frederick Douglass spoke], and noticed that some of the friends of the speaker expressed their sympathy with his sentiments by applause. You will allow me to request that to-day, at least, you preserve the usual decorum of this place and this hour, and listen—even if you should like anything particularly—in silence.

About a fortnight ago, certain men, supported by the Mayor, broke up an Anti-Slavery meeting—on December 3d. I propose to speak of that mob as illustrating American Education. Some of you may think that every man talks now of Free Speech, Slavery and the Negro. It is true; and I am not sure that the longest liver of you will ever see the time when it will not be so. For thirty or fifty years, the negro has been the basis of our commerce, the root of our politics, the pivot of our pulpit, and the inspiration of almost all that is destined to live in our literature. For the next century, it is probable that our history will be but a record of the struggle of a proud and selfish race to do justice magnanimously, to one which circumstances have left much at its mercy. The effects of slavery will last more than one generation or even two. It were a very slight evil if they could be done away sooner. Fredrika Bremer said, a dozen years ago, "the fate of the negro will be the romance of your history."

It will, probably, be a very long while before the needle of politics will float free from this disturbance—before trade will cease to feel the shock of this agitation; before the pulpit will shake off vassalage to this prejudice and property; before letters will take heart and dare to speak truth. A bitter prejudice must be soothed, a bloody code repealed, a huckstering Constitution amended or made away with, industry and social life rearranged, and ministers allowed to take the Bible instead of the stock-list as the basis of their sermons. Meanwhile, you must expect that every shock and oscillation of the troubled elements will stir up the dregs of society—"lewd fellows of the baser sort"—to deeds of anger and outrage; and, meanwhile, every honest and earnest man will speak, and every such one will be glad to hear, as occasion demands, of this, the great work, that Providence has given us as a people. I bate no jot of hope or trust that our noble trial of self-government will succeed. Heirs of a glorious past, we have manhood enough in us to be the benefactors of the future—to hand down this hard-earned fabric freed from its great, its almost only danger.

The planting of these States has always amazed the casual observer, and been of deep interest to thoughtful men. "The boldest theories of the human reason were put into practice by a community so humble that no statesman condescended to notice it, and a legislation without a precedent was produced, off-hand, by the instinct of the citizens." The profoundest English scholar of that age affirmed, "No man is the wiser for his learning"—an opinion which Burke almost echoed; and it seems as if our comparatively unlettered fathers proved it. They founded a Government which, after two centuries, is still the wonder and study of statesmen. It is but another proof that Constitutions are not made, but grow; that the heart is the best logician; that Character, which seems cousin to Instinct, is a better guide than Philosophy. As Wordsworth has said of another national awakening—

"A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,
Among the herdsmen of the Alps have wrought
More for mankind, at this unhappy day,
Than all the pride of intellect and thought."

That sunrise has colored the whole morning of our history. It has become the cardinal principle of our national life, that God has given to each man sense enough to manage his own affairs. Out of this, by a short process, come universal suffrage and every man's being eligible to office. The majority rules; and law rests on numbers, not on virtue or intellect—a good principle; if not the only rule consistent with freedom and progress, surely the one that ministers best to these. But the harm is, that while theoretically granting that no vote of a majority can authorize injustice, practically, we consider public opinion as the real test of what is true and false; and hence, as a result, the effect De Tocqueville has noticed, that our government protects not the interests of the whole community, but simply those of the majority.

In general, every man knows best how to manage his own affairs—a simple and sound rule. Somehow we mix it up with the right of every man to be eligible to office, and hurry on to the habit of thinking every man competent for everything. Does a man achieve some particular success, we hail him a universal Crichton, and endow him, in our own imagination, with a genius for all work. A mechanic has invented a new stitch in a carpet web—straightway he is named for Congress. Does a man edit a respectable daily to bankruptcy—immediately we put him on the committee to choose us water not fit to drink, or to carry a railroad half-way to ruin by paying dividends it never earned. This militia colonel has come alive out of a Western brawl; call it a battle and a victory, and choose him President at once. That man is a brilliant historian; make him Embassador to England. Another has argued an India-rubber case ably; send him to fade out in the Senate. Does a man fail utterly in his own business, a bankrupt poet, and office-hunter, he becomes editor of a newspaper. We lack entirely discrimination, lavishly endowing a man with merits he has never earned. Because he is entitled to draw on us for $50, we put a thousand to his credit. A man may edit *The Tribune* so as to pay—certainly not the highest talent—and yet be a very poor judge who should be President of the United States. Bayard Taylor may be a poet and a traveller, without a trace of patriotism, or the least spark of a gentleman. A hundred years ago, a man must have served an apprenticeship seven years before he could make a shoe; now talk on the right side seven months, and you may be Governor of a State.

I said that, notwithstanding this good natured and careless mistake, the rule of letting all men be eligible to office is still the best one we can have. Indeed, our large measure of national success, in spite of our heedlessness, shows, as the Swede said, *Quantula sapientia regitur mundus*—how little wit it takes to hold office. But though life be long and sunny, one fit of severe illness is a great evil—so, notwithstanding routine incapacity stumbles on well enough in common times, there come hours when a real pilot is needed at the helm, and then we suffer. Such an hour we have just passed through. Certain men who seem wholly ignorant of the principle that only by letting every man speak, whether he speak truth or error, can the spread of truth be secured—undertook to forbid the meeting of certain others who assembled to discuss the abolition of slavery. Let me show you in this affair the ignorance of the actors, the ignorance of the press, and the incapacity of the City Government, and see if we can all learn the lesson of keeping each of us in his own sphere. And I take this subject very specially, because it will give me the opportunity to lay before you a correct statement of the course of that morning's events, which no journal has yet bestirred itself to obtain. I seize the first opportunity to do justice to both parties, the assailed and the assailants.

Look first at the press. Except *The Atlas and Bee*, there is not one of the daily papers that does not practically justify the mob. All have serious objections to mobs in the abstract, but none at all to mobs in the street—to this particular mob. This is not a case of virtuous men refusing to obey an unjust law. Of such it has been well said, "They do not dispute the right of the majority to command; they only appeal from the sovereignty of the nation to the sovereignty of mankind." But this is the right of free discussion, which no sane man in our day or land denies. Yet in Boston, a mob to crush it by violence has yet to receive its first word of hearty, fearless, and fitting rebuke from the daily press. I have known Boston for thirty years, and seen many mobs. With one exception, I have yet to see from the daily press the first word of honest and hearty rebuke for a well-dressed mob met to crush honest men; that exception is Mr. Hallett's *Daily Advocate* in 1835 and 1837. Let me add, in passing, it is a singular effect of our institutions that we seldom, if ever, have any but well-dressed mobs. But what a broken reed, what a despicable tool, such a press! Perhaps the press will deem me unjustifiable, as it has just found out there was no mob; it was the majority rightfully taking possession of a meeting! We will look at that by and by. But let us look at the mobocrats themselves. The press calls them "Gentlemen of Boston"—a mistake natural enough in editors, who do not know a mob when they see it (laughter). But can we let that description stand? Broadcloth and fine linen do not make the gentleman. Ignorance and ill-manners do not make one. Proving one's right to twelve months in the common jail does not make one. Breaking the laws to help the stock market does not make one. Running before you are sent, with volunteer haste, to do the dirty work of base men does not make one. Yet these are the only colors by which men, before unseen, made themselves visible that day on the surface of affairs. One must be born again into the kingdom of Mammon before such are held gentlemen; and as the ringleaders were not born in Boston, let us save the old town from the disgrace of reporting them "Boston gentlemen." The gossip of the street excuses them because they were men suffering from pecuniary losses—out of employ. The ringleader said he was there to save his property. Let us see of what materials the mob was really made. We have a right to ask—it is important we should know—who make up the Chamber of Inquisition, this new Star Chamber, which undertakes to tell us, as Archbishop Laud and Charles Stuart did our fathers, what opinions we shall express, and when public meetings shall be held. Weak sons of moderate fathers, dandled into effeminacy, of course wholly unfit for business, whom overflowing trade sometimes laps up, as it does all obtainable instruments. Instead of fire-engines, men seize pails and dippers in time of sore need. But such the first frost nips into idleness; narrow men, ambitious for place, who fancy that an inherited million entitles them to political advancement; bloated distillers, some rich, and some without wit enough to keep the money they stole; old families run to seed in respectable dullness, *fruges consumere nati*, born only to eat; trading families in the third generation, playing at stock-jobbing, to lose in State street what their grandsires made by smuggling in India; sweep in a hundred young wrecks, the grief of mothers and disgrace of their names, good as noughts to fill up the places of what is called "society," and, as such, entitled to shrink from notice; but the mote we should not usually heed, gets looked at when troubling our eyes; snobbish sons of fathers lately grown rich, anxious to prove themselves rotten before they are ripe (hisses); all these, taking courage from the presence of bolder rogues, some fresh from jail, and others whom technical skill saved therefrom; the whole led by a third-rate lawyer broken down into a cotton clerk, and borrowing consequence from married wealth; not one of the whole ever added a dollar, much less an idea, to the wealth of the State; not one able to give a reason or an excuse for the prejudice that is in him. This is the House of Nobles whose leave we must ask before we meet and discuss any question. These are the men who presume to tell us, the children of the Puritans—representatives of Winthrop and Endicott, Quincy and Sewall, Hancock, Otis and Adams—what we shall say, and when we shall assemble in public halls; these are the men who, the press tells us, being the majority, took rightful possession of the meeting of the 3rd of December (applause and cries of "Good"); and without "violating the right of free speech," organized it and spoke the sober sense of Boston. If we look, then, at the events of that morning, we shall get the notion held by the enlightened press of Boston as to the proper course of "gentlemen" in taking possession of a public meeting, and gauge the fitness of such *newspaper* "gentlemen" for an attempt of that kind.

On the third day of this present month, December, the Tremont Temple had been hired by several gentlemen—Rev. J. Sella Martin, James Redpath, Mr. Eldridge, Mr. O'Connor and others—for a Convention which was to assemble at their request. A month before they had issued a circular inviting "the leaders and representatives of all the different anti-slavery bodies and men of eminence who have done honor to their own souls by advocating the cause of impartial freedom," to meet them in Convention. Certainly, the fops and clerks of Boston could not include themselves as coming under that description. The notice published in the papers announced the meeting as one "not called for debate"—but "each speaker will give briefly his views on the question," "How can American Slavery be Abolished?" Does Mr. Fay or any one of his associates dare to say in the presence of his fellow-citizens, that he went to that Hall to join in good faith in any such investigation? What right, then, had he there? The same public call announced beforehand the spirit and quality of the meeting, by choosing the anniversary of John Brown's "MARTYRDOM" as the fitting time, and describing his "death" as too "glorious" to need "defence or eulogy." How Mr. Fay and his crew, if any one of them had ever even read of an honest man or a gentleman, could enter that room with resolutions all written, denouncing John Brown, and expressing "horror" for his "nefarious, piratical, and bloody attempt," it would take a Boston journal to discover. But waiving that; grant they were rightfully there, and let us trace the course of events. When a committee of gentlemen make arrangements for a public meeting, it is usual for one of them to call it to order as temporary chairman, and then, through a committee of organization, or otherwise, announce a list of officers. Sometimes this list is submitted to a vote of the meeting, sometimes not—and even when put to vote, the vote is merely matter of form, as right-minded opponents always leave to the originators of a meeting its organization, doing battle, if anywhere, on the adoption of its resolutions. In conformity with this custom, the Rev. Sella Martin called the assembly to order, appointed a committee to choose officers. The committee reported a list, with Mr. Sanborn for Chairman; and Mr. Martin, as custom fully authorized him to do, declared them the officers of the Convention. According, therefore, to a well recognized custom, Mr. Sanborn was Chairman of the meeting. But suppose the Convention chose to insist on its strict right to choose its own Chairman, without reference to the wishes of its callers. Then it was perfectly in order for any one to address the temporary Chairman, Mr. Martin, and offer a motion to that effect. Did any one do this? No. On the contrary, all the journals state that a man, who seems ashamed to have his name known, moved that Richard S. Fay be Chairman, and "put the motion." This anonymous skulker does not know parliamentary law enough to address the Chair, and does not wait to have his motion seconded—calls for the Ayes only—and does not declare the vote; but after some shouting, Mr. Fay assumes to be Chairman. There having been, therefore, *in the eye of parliamentary law*, no motion ("No motion can be made without addressing the Chair") no seconding—no call for the Nays—no decision announced by the Chair—no, not even by Mr. Anonymous. When Mr. Fay ascended that platform he announced himself the ringleader of a mob (voice—"No;" hisses and applause), judged by the strictest rule of parliamentary law. Journals, professing to teach their readers, gravely term him rightful Chairman; and he, a graduate of Harvard College, a member of the Bar, of adult age, seriously says to Mr. Douglass, who, in common courtesy, gave him a glass of water, "This acknowledges me as Chairman." Profound logician, this Mr. Fay! (Derisive laughter.) A cup of water is his evidence of title, and Mr. Frederick Douglass has authority to confer the Chair! And now begins the exhibition of Mr. Fay's marvellous ability as a presiding officer. The first duty of a Chairman in such circumstances would be to ask for the appointment of Secretary and other officers. This wonderful meeting had no officer but its equally wonderful Chairman. He unburdens himself of his coat, and not being self-possessed enough under the load of his new dignity to be able to search his own pockets, fails to find the scroll of resolutions which every one saw protruding from them. Whereupon he says, "I thought I had got among honest men." Some hearers counted this as insolence. I am inclined, however, to think it possible that having escaped from among his mob friends to our platform, he was really congratulating himself on having got among honest men once more. Then this model Chairman, having found his resolutions, proceeds to read and offer them to the Convention—not knowing that there was just one man, and only one, in that Hall prohibited from making a motion or offering a resolution—and that was himself, on his own theory. Everybody knows, except this youthful cotton clerk, "that the presiding officer of a meeting is excluded from submitting propositions to the assembly." Following in the steps of the illustrious anonymous who nominated him, he waits for no seconding of his resolutions, but puts them at once to the mob, and declares them adopted. This might be attributed by some to fright, as he was observed to tremble and pale when hundreds cried shame at his third and fourth resolves. But I think he was self-possessed enough to have the use of all his usual senses, as a voice from the crowd, "Don't be frightened, we won't hurt you," had considerably reassured him (laughter). Then some one offers a motion to adjourn. Mr. Fay begins to put it, but Mr. Frederick Douglass addresses him. Mr. Fay turns and introduces Mr. Douglass to the audience, giving him the floor; not knowing, again, that motions to adjourn are not debatable. Mr. Douglass begins. Some one reminds this vigilant Chairman that there is a motion before the house. He recollects himself, puts the motion to adjourn, declares it carried, and then again introduces Mr. Douglass to the audience. He, Chairman of an *adjourned* meeting, reminding Mr. Douglass that he must govern himself strictly by the rule of that *dead Convention*, speak briefly, and confine himself to the point (laughter). You see here the latent consciousness cropping out, that all this farce of Chairman, motions and resolves, was only a disguise to cover the real object of the mob. He was not good actor enough even to carry out the play, or notice the effect of the sham motions he was putting. So the *adjourned* Chairman sits and listens to Mr. Douglass half an hour, after which he accepts another motion to adjourn, puts it, declares it carried, and on the principle, I suppose, of the old ballad—"twice he slew the slain"—that even his mob, when *twice* adjourned, was done with, takes his hat and vanishes. Most orderly Chairman!

Some observers believe that Mr. Fay came to the Hall with the set purpose of crushing the Convention by mob violence. It used to be said that "no man was ever really so wise as Lord Thurlow looked." In the same way these citizens think no honest man was ever so ignorant as Mr. Fay appeared. I incline, however, to believe that Mr. Fay originally intended to extinguish the Convention in a parliamentary way, but did not know how. Like the captain of a Maine sloop caught in our harbor narrows (a voice, "All up") who, when some one asked "who's captain of that sloop?" called back, "I undertook to captain her, but find it's a little too much for me"; so Mr. Fay undertook to captain a *parliamentary mob*, and found it was too much for him. Being fully determined, however, to crush the Convention, and finding the quiet and trained friends of it able to outwit and outgeneral him, he took refuge in violence. He challenged his opponent to a duel, and then knocked him over the head with the butt of the pistol while his back was turned. Lord George Bentinck leaped from the race-course and the sporting-field to the leadership of the House of Commons. Perhaps Mr. Fay fancied he could do as much. Chairmen of common honesty see to it, before they quit their function, that a Committee of Finance is appointed to collect somewhere the means of defraying the expenses of the Convention. But Mr. Fay, having declared that he came to the Hall to save his property (applause and hisses), does so by leaving the expenses to be paid by the victims he has robbed. Honest, opulent, magnanimous Chairman! This was not forgetfulness, for when Mr. Hayes cautioned Mr. Fay not to adjourn without providing for payment of expenses, this honest Union-saving Chairman doubted if they could *compel* him to pay for the Hall he had used! His followers, too, gallant newspaper gentlemen, were heard encouraging each other with cries: "The police are all right—the other *side pay for them*, and we use them!" The men he mobbed can say they were never sued for the rent of any Hall they had used. Can Mr. Fay and his friends say as much?

After the kid-gloved mobocrat had left the hall, Mr. Sanborn's quietly requesting the real meeting to remain seated, while the mob followed their leader out of the room, showed them that their labor had been all thrown away. Then Mr. Murray Howe, with no flimsy vail of parliamentary fiction, an outspoken bully, girdled by bullies, failing to provoke violent resistance, incites the police to arrest all whom his followers struck, in order, as they said, to remove the "cause of the disturbance;" and the shameless Mayor closes the scene (hisses.) The plot, unmasked by the steady perseverance of the friends of order, discloses itself, and the city succors its discomfited allies by clearing the hall in the prostituted names of law and order (applause.)

I have named the leaders of this disgraceful and lawless riot, and described the poor and trifling quality of their followers. You will ask me how did such a mass influence the Mayor? I regret to say, that in that crowd were some men influential by wealth and position—men seldom seen in an anti-slavery meeting, and never at such an hour, 10 o'clock in the morning. They were silent, or encouraging lookers-on. Their presence *there and then in silence* was an encouragement to the mob, their personal friends. You may still see, looking down on Washington street, the gilded names of "Lawrence & Dickinson," by their side the proud motto, "The Union, the Constitution, and the *Enforcement of the Laws*" (applause.) Amid that lawless mob you might have seen one of those names, which the city has hitherto loved to honor, silent and supposed to be assenting, while his personal friends trampled on the most sacred of all laws—free speech—and considered him, present at so unusual an hour, in a meeting of a class never frequented by him, as indorsing their outrage. Does the servility of the Mayor need any other explanation?

Some men say free speech was really crushed that day in the city of Boston. Oh, no: that same day that some convention met, and the very speakers whose names were most hateful spoke their thoughts on the outrage itself, and the general topic of slavery. The exact truth is Mr. R. S. Fay stole Tremont Temple from those who had engaged it. [Let us hope he will pay his debts without going through the Courts.] Doubtless he and his friends intended to crush free speech. But let us not dignify Jack Sheppard and Dickens's Fagan into Cromwell and Bonaparte. These mobocrats meant to be Cromwells. So did the two tailors who plotted to tear down the throne of George III., and issued the famous proclamation beginning, "We, the people of England," etc. History does not record that they succeeded; neither did their imitators on the third of this month. Still these angry and misguided men incurred very grave responsibility. Stealing a hall is not very bad in men who do not know enough to understand their own actions. Violating the rights of their neighbors may be forgiven, since the wrong-doers live to repent, and the rights are no more effected by their sin than the sun by the last cloud that dimmed him an instant.

But when Mr. Fay had housed himself in luxury and quiet, at night, that lawless and coward spirit he had stirred up and let loose broke into the houses of our hated, defenceless colored population, pursued any one of them it found alone, and dared to follow, cruelly beat almost to death several, and ill treated many of them. If any one of those mangled men had died of his wounds, Richard S. Fay would have been, in the sight of God and all honest men, if not of the law also, a murderer. The atonement he owes to the city he has disgraced is a public acknowledgment of his great crime against decency and sacred rights. The reparation he owes to men pillaged and beaten by his followers is to see that, so far as gold can, their sufferings are alleviated. Let us hope the wealth and influence which countenanced him in his wrong will move and aid him in his atonement.

This picture is one of men undertaking a work for which their education never fitted them—the common mistake of our American life. There are thousands among us whose life is routine or mechanical, but whose souls grasp all duties and take in the universe. Critical occasions unveil the lustre of such spirits; and the self-made men are the special glory of our institutions. There are other men wholly subdued to the poor round they work in. The affair we have been considering was an attempt to take part in public debate, and preside over a public body, by men whose very souls are absorbed in pricing calicos, shaving notes, and adding up columns of figures. It was a singular sight! White men, educated in the best book schools, how signally they were defeated by two colored men, whose only education has been oppression and the anti-slavery enterprise! In that conflict of parliamentary skill, these two steered skillfully clear of every mistake—their opponents plunged deeper and deeper in folly at every step. Of course, on the higher question of grand historic and sacred rights, there was no comparison between the two sides. History offers no closer parallel than the French Convention, Fayette and Mirabeau, assailed by the fishwomen of the streets.

Let us turn now to the part of the City Government in this affair. Every man eligible to office is the cardinal principle and virtue of our institutions. With a race fired by intense love of wealth, and a continent given us by God to subdue—to crowd the wilderness with cities, and join the oceans by roads, trade and material interests must absorb all the honest energy of each generation. The consequence is that politics has to content itself with the leavings. Men popular because holding no decisive opinions, men without grasp enough to manage large affairs, and with much leisure therefore on their hands, are the food of politics. The consequence is, as De Tocqueville has noticed, that men who take office "usually possess only that amount of education common to the mass about them, and have no experience peculiar to themselves." Such men do very well for ordinary occasions, when there is nothing to do; but—

"Extremity is the trier of spirits;
Common chances, common men can bear;
When the sea is calm, all boats alike
Show mastership in floating."

On the third day of this month, we might have supposed that the authorities understood such simple principles as that those who had hired a hall were entitled to it against a mob; that in a public meeting the sole function of the police was not to settle motions and disputed questions but to preserve order and let the questions be argued out without violence, interposing only when blows were struck and arresting only those who committed an assault; that to clear the hall in order to quiet a tumultous convention was like a quack killing his patient as the quickest method of curing the disease. I believe our Mayor, poor as he is, did know all this, but was awed out of his duty by the social standing of the mobocrats. The individual policemen were respectful, and evidently disposed to enforce order had they been allowed. No complaint can be made of them. But we know neither them nor their chief. The Mayor represents the City Government. He was consulted on every step—him we hold responsible singly and wholly for the success of the mob. The Abolitionists have been through many such scenes, and are the best judges of their quality. They affirm that if the police would have left them alone they would have subdued this mob as they have many others (a laugh). Mr. Hayes, the most competent judge and witness in the city, offered at the time to keep peace in the building if the Mayor would leave it to him, and give him the aid of six men. Indeed, he has publicly said that had the chief of police simply announced his purpose to keep the peace impartially, order would have been restored at once. But the mob knew he was on their side and were heard constantly boasting, "The police are all right," "Are with us," "Three cheers for the police" (applause and hisses.) To the courtesy and forbearance of the Abolitionists, the chief of the police has borne public testimony. They were the only ones assaulted; yet they were the only ones arrested by the police. They were the only ones knocked down; yet they were the only ones carried by the police from the hall. Men disgracing honored names are seen shaking their fists at their betters. The negro is hurled off the platform; the stock-broker is allowed to continue his riot. The chief alleges that individual Abolitionists were arrested "by mistake!" Singular that this important "mistake" should have occurred only in the case of those whom the chief compliments "for their courtesy and forbearance," but never once took place in regard to persons who were freely using their canes and fists! The friends of the Mayor urge that the mob was too powerful for the whole force of the government. Let the Mayor show that he made or ordered one single effort to arrest a rioter, or even to remonstrate with a rioter; let him show that he spoke one word, or once lifted his finger to resist the mob, and we'll grant him this defence. The pilot cannot be allowed to plead that the storm was too strong for him, unless he can prove that he once at least laid his hand on the helm to see whether it would obey his hold.

Our present Mayor is not singular—does not stand alone in this pusillanimous servility to wealth and broadcloth. He is only the front rank of a group of such. We have not had a decent Mayor for ten years (hisses and applause). Vassals of the grog shop and mortgagees to State street, what could you expect of them? Of course, Bigelow and Smith are beneath notice—mere hounds of the slave hunt, a hand's-breadth ahead of the pack. But these other degenerate magistrates find here and there a predecessor to keep them in countenance: indeed, all the Mayors of the Atlantic coast are their models—with one or two noble exceptions. That mob, which Messrs. Howe and Fay inaugurated in the morning, spent the night in the streets where our colored citizens dwell—breaking their windows; breaking into their houses; kicking, beating, and stabbing several of them nearly to death. The police were on special duty, meanwhile, in that part of the city. Next morning the Courts of the city are opened, and the only person arrested and brought before them, after that night of outrage, is a black boy, some fourteen years old, who had tried to defend himself against the bullies! I do not remember precisely the Broad street mob against the Irish, but I am informed such also was the case then. The victims were about the only ones punished. So in the Convent case. I have known but three cases, in my day, of magistrates suppressing mobs. Neal Dow, at Portland, done it, I suppose, more to prove his own daring than from any real necessity. Whoever goes one step from his path to prove his courage, is, of course, a coward. Still, let Portland have honor. She quelled her mob. Providence, also, under Mayor Barstow, silenced her last mob with bullets. And, last year, Mayor Henry of Philadelphia—a name to be written in letters of gold—taught purse-proud ignorance and brutality to obey the laws. The wealth of Philadelphia sent him a petition to prevent the lecture of Mr. G. W. Curtis, and one of the signers appeared to urge it. "Are you aware, Mr. Mayor, of Mr. Curtis's treasonable sentiments?" asked the petitioner. "I know nothing of his sentiments; my only duty is to protect his free speech," was the reply. "Do you know our wealthiest houses have petitioned against it?" "Yes." "What shall you do if they appear and put a stop to the lecture?" "Send them all to the watch-house," was the reply (applause). Mr. Curtis lectured. Next year Mayor Henry was re-elected. While such men can serve I am opposed to rotation in office (loud applause).

What was the meeting thus assailed? One assembled to discuss slavery—that question which convulses the Republic—without a settlement of which our experiment of government is a wreck, and in regard to which every press, every magistrate, and every Legislature south of Mason and Dixon's line, flings defiance at the Union, amid the plaudits of Mr. Fay and his associates. What day was it met? The anniversary of the martyrdom of the only American whose name stirs the pulses of Europe in this generation. English statesmen confess to having never read a line of Webster; and if you name Seward in Rome, Naples, Vienna, or Pesth, vacant eyes ask you, "Who was he?" But all Europe—men of letters and the masses—spoke by the lips of Victor Hugo, when he said, of John Brown's murder, "it is something more terrible than Cain slaying Abel—it is Washington slaying Spartacus" (a loud laugh), and to-day his name is a household and familiar word in Italy.

It is a long, long while since we have had such a Mayor. Our magistrates have always needed twenty-four hours and closetings with indignant citizens before they could see their duty. In 1835, Mayor Lyman, a lawyer, a scholar, and a gentleman, instead of protecting Mr. Garrison, or dying in front of him, spent the critical hour of the mob's existence in vain intercessions with his personal friends—pitiful appeals to drunken broadcloth—and went home to realize the noble opportunity he had lost of endearing his memory to law, liberty, and the good name of the city—to realize the grave duty he had failed to meet, and to spend his after life in bitter and unavailing regret over that disgraceful and wicked hour of his magistracy. He knew enough to repent, and later services to the State endear his memory. There is no evidence that our recent Mayors know enough even to be ashamed. The men with whom Mayor Lyman vainly interceded that day lived to beg pardon of those they had mobbed. All Boston glorified them in 1835, and they walked State street in pride. You would think me cruel if I gibbeted their names to-day. The hour is very near—it knocks at the door—when he who reminds an audience that R. S. Fay and Mayor Lincoln broke up an abolition meeting will be considered, even by State street and *The Courier*, as bitter and uncharitable (hisses), as eminently unchristian so to taunt the disgraced and the forgotten with their sins.

What was the time of this meeting? An hour when our Senators and Representatives were vindicating the free speech of Massachusetts among armed men in the Capitol. Shall we yield it at home to the hucksters and fops of the Exchange? A year ago this day, John Brown's noble companions—the brave young hearts that held up his hands—looked death in the face without a murmur, for the slaves' sake. Shall we be craven in the light of such an example? Whom is it proposed to silence? Men who, for thirty years, all over the North, from the ocean to Kansas, sacrificing wealth, professions, reputation, seeing their houses pillaged, and their friends shot in the streets, have forced this subject on the reluctant attention of statesmen and Senates—lifting the American mind from the market-place to the forum, from Mammon and his muckrake to the thunders of Sinai and the Sermon on the Mount; till now, all other questions driven from the field, God chains this age to the redemption of the slave. Victors, after such a fight, and in such a field, having taught the nation, at woful cost, the value and the sacredness of free speech. Who are these traders that stand weighing their *gold* against our RIGHTS? Who is this boaster, parading his petty "two hundred thousand dollars," and swearing he will "spend all, and put down this agitation"? That attempt was commenced once before, from the steps of the Revere House. The unhappy statesman, defeated and heartbroken, sleeps by the solemn waves of the Atlantic. *Catalinæ gladios contempsi, non tuos pertimescam.* The half omnipotence of Webster we defied. Who heeds this peddler's empty wind?

How shall we prevent such insolent attempts for the future? Educate the future Fays more thoroughly. Teach them the distinction between duties and dollars. Plant deep in the heart of the masses the conviction of the utter sacredness of the right of free speech. Our fathers made their sons hate the Pope so thoroughly that hatred of Popery is no longer an intellectual conviction, but has become a constituent element of Yankee blood and bone. Put the sacredness of free speech into the same condition. Carve in letters of gold in every school house this letter of our loved Governor elect—the best word a Massachusetts Governor has said since the first Winthrop gave that fine definition of civil liberty. Mr. Andrew says:

"The right to think, to know, and to utter, as John Milton said, is the dearest of all liberties. Without this right there can be no liberty to any people; with it there can be no slavery.

"I care not for the truth or error of the opinions held or uttered, nor for the wisdom of the words or time of their attempted expression, when I consider this great question of fundamental significance, this great right, which must first be secure before free society can be said to stand on any foundation, but only on temporary and capricious props.

"Rich or poor, white or black, great or small, wise or foolish, in season or out of season, in the right or in the wrong, whosoever will speak let him speak, and whosoever will hear let him hear. And let no one pretend to the prerogative of judging another man's liberty. In this respect there is, and there can be, no superiority of persons or privileges, nor the slightest pretext for any."

Thank God for such a Governor to come! (Applause.) Make that Massachusetts, and then we may stop a boy in the streets and make him Mayor, sure that, without need of thought or consultation, he will gird himself to protect unpopular free speech, and put down fashionable riot, instead of lazily protecting fashionable riot, and putting down unpopular free speech.

I have used strong words. But I was born in Boston, and the good name of the old town is bound up with every fibre of my heart. I dare not trust myself to describe the insolence of any who dictate to me and you what we shall say in these grand old streets. But who can adequately tell the sacredness and the value of free speech? Who can fitly describe the enormity of the crime of its violation? Free speech, at once the instrument and the guaranty and the bright consummate flower of all liberty. Free speech in these streets, once trod by Henry Vane, its apostle and champion. Free speech, in that language which holds the dying words of Algernon Sydney, its martyr. As Everett said, near forty years ago:

"I seem to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages, from the sepulchres of nations that died before the light. They exhort us, they adjure us, to be faithful to our trust. They implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity, by the awful secrets of the prison-house where the sons of freedom have been immured, by the noble heads which have been brought to the block, by the eloquent ruins of nations; they conjure us not to quench the light that is rising on the world. Greece cries to us by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes, and Rome pleads with us in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully."

Let us listen to the grave and weighty words of the nephew of Charles James Fox, Lord Holland, in his protest, when British Tories tried to stop the discussion of Catholic emancipation—words of which Macaulay says, "They state a chief article of the political creed of the Whigs with singular clearness, brevity and force":

"We are," Lord Holland says, "well aware that the privileges of the people, the rights of free discussion, and the spirit and letter of our popular institutions, must render—*and they are intended to render*—the continuance of an extensive grievance and of the dissatisfaction consequent thereupon, dangerous to the tranquillity of the country, and ultimately subversive of the authority of the State. Experience and theory alike forbid us to deny that effect of a free Constitution; a sense of justice and a love of liberty equally deter us from lamenting it. But we have always been taught to look for the remedy of such disorders in the redress of the grievances which justify them, and in the removal of the dissatisfaction from which they flow; not in restraints on ancient privileges, not *in inroads on the right of public discussion, nor in violations of the principles of a free government.*"

Governments exist to protect the rights of minorities. The loved and the rich need no protection—they have many friends and few enemies. We have praised our Union for seventy years. This is the first time it is tested. Has it educated men who know their rights, and dare to maintain them? Can it bear the discussion of a great national sin, anchored deep in the prejudices and interests of millions? If so, it deserves to live. If not, the sooner it vanishes out of our way the better.

The time to assert rights is when they are denied. The men to assert them are those to whom they are denied. The community which dares not protect its humblest member, and most hated, in the free utterance of his opinions, no matter how false or hateful, is only a gang of slaves.

At the conclusion of Mr. Phillips's address, the large congregation left the hall, the speaker remaining on the platform until the hall was nearly vacated. He then came out, accompanied by a few friends. As he emerged from the outer door, a cry of "all up" was raised by a crowd which had assembled at that point, and there was a general rush toward him, with an apparent disposition to hustle Mr. Phillips and his friends, if not to effect more serious injury. But the firm front of the party, and the interference of a few policemen, who opportunely arrived, restrained the crowd for the time; but when the party arrived in Winter street, there was another rush, which was repelled by a strong force of police, who formed a line around Mr. Phillips and his little band, and in that order marched to Mr. P.'s house in Essex street, a large number following, but without any riotous demonstrations. Arrived at the house, there was some cheering and counter hissing, and then Deputy-chief Ham requested all well-disposed citizens to go home; the crowd, willing to deserve the title, dispersed, and so ended this demonstration.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1860.

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THE KEY OF THE RIDDLE.

IT is unlucky for us that, though Saturday be our day of publication, we have to go to press in the middle of the week. This is especially unfortunate in such a week as this, as it is really a week that may be pregnant with historical interest. We are obliged to take our prophetic character in our hand, at the risk of having our commentaries contradicted by facts while the sheets containing them are yet reeking from the press. There is no question that this is a time really critical both to the South and the North—to the South if she actually carry into effect her threats of secession, and to the North if she degrade herself by base and humiliating concessions in order to prevent it. This last process is in the full tide of experiment, as far as outside and irresponsible action is concerned. Mr. Curtis was hindered from speaking in Philadelphia by a panic-stricken Mayor last week, and Mr. Phillips was able to reach his house in safety last Sunday after conducting the services of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society in Boston, by being surrounded by a strong body of his personal friends and a large force of police. Truly the Mob-spirit must be rampant when it is so hard to be kept under in Puritan Boston, on the Sabbath Day, at twelve o'clock at noon, and with the thermometer at the freezing point! There are rumors of wars to be waged on the offices of *The Tribune* and *The Evening Post* in this city. And there are fearful lookings for of attacks on property here and elsewhere by the multitudes who have been thrown out of work by the election of Abraham Lincoln.

All this is intended, in part, doubtless, to conciliate the slaveholders by giving them assurance that slavery is not left without witness in New York and even in Massachusetts; but the main purpose unquestionably is to act on the fears of the Republicans in Congress and on the State Legislatures, to scare them into sacrificing everything they have gained of success and of *prestige* and surrendering at discretion to their vanquished enemies! The monstrous wickedness of these demands of the slaveholders and their Northern creatures almost disappears in view of their enormous impudence. If the Republicans are willing to purchase a quiet possession of office at this price, the sooner they are trampled under foot of the Democrats and the Slavocrats the better. These last cannot impose harder conditions, should they be reëstablished in power, than are now demanded of the party that has beaten them. The opening of the Territories to slavery and the legalizing of kidnapping by the repeal of the Personal Liberty bills is about all that can be asked, or even thought, at present. The North has retreated and retreated from point to point until she is now flat on her back, with her back to the earth and her face to the skies; and now it is demanded of her that she retreat yet farther! It is plain that she can retreat farther only into her grave. But this is what is asked of her under menace of Secession on the part of the cotton States and of all the disturbance which Revolution always brings to business. And there seems to be an inclination on the part of certain Republican politicians and presses to comply with this insolence, as if anything could be gained by it!

That this Secessional movement does not grow out of the election of Lincoln is plain enough, for Lincoln's election was effected by the very men that are at the bottom of it. It was supposed, indeed, that it would be Seward, the Man of the Higher Law, that the breaking up of the Democratic party at Charleston would make President. The movers of the Secession would have preferred him as a man against whom they could have raised a louder and a wilder cry. But, though disappointed of their first hope, they have done the best they could with what the Chicago Convention afforded them. And the use they have made of him shows that the whole plan of their campaign was simply and merely factious. They could have no fear for the interests of slavery, as protected by the Constitution and doubly guarded by the Supreme Court, from a man of the antecedents and the avowed views of Mr. Lincoln. And, moreover, they had a majority on their side in both Houses of Congress, with the entire of the Supreme Court. The Republicans could not have given them a more unexceptionable man, and, if he had been exceptionable, he was hampered in a way which would prevent his moving hand or foot without the consent of his enemies, their own selves. It is plain that his election is a mere pretext for the demonstrations of the Southern States and particularly of South Carolina. And so as to the Personal Liberty bills about which they rage and rail, it is absurd to suppose that the existence of these could have any weight with men of sense—and the leaders of the Disunion party are not fools. We believe there is not a case yet on the books of even an attempt to defeat the Fugitive Slave bill by these enactments. We blush to say it; but we believe such to be the fact, and we fear that it will continue to be so in all the great cities, where their protection is the most needed. All these are but the shows and empty pretences which hide the real springs of the movement.

What, then, is the real motive of this Disunion movement which is now so rampant? Simply the reopening of the African slave trade. It has been the dream by night and the scheme by day for years of a very large party in the Southern States how to bring about this consummation. In the present Union it is obviously impossible. Mean and truckling as the North has almost always shown herself before the demands of the South, she never would consent to this abomination. If she did not abhor the sin, she would at least shudder at the scandal. If the slave trade is to be reëstablished, it must be under the auspices of a Southern Republic. And, setting aside the villany of the business and the remote consequences inseparable from the great disproportion between the blacks and the whites to be thus increased, it is not an absurd scheme. For the last few years, up to this present one, the business of cotton raising has been a very lucrative one. The cotton States had plenty of money when the West and North were so crippled in 1857. And they might have continued to do so, had they been content to let well alone and not gone on extending themselves and buying negroes at enormous prices to increase the culture. Now, if cotton could be raised to such advantage when slaves ruled, at a low average, at a thousand dollars apiece, how enormous must be the profits, if they could be had at an average of two hundred dollars! It was bringing down cotton-planting to the level of the smallest fortunes as of the meanest capacities. Every man saw himself the owner of sufficient newly imported Africans to put him in the way of independence and wealth. It is a good (commercially speaking) solid business-like basis for a Revolution, and the success of the Revolution will depend on the predominance of the party at the South which favors or that which discountenances cheap negroes.

For, of course, there does not exist that unanimity at the South, even in South Carolina, that appears on the surface. The tide does not run so strongly towards Disunion as it looks outside. There is a strong undercurrent which sets the other way, and it depends on the relative power of these opposing forces how it will all end. Of necessity, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri are, in their hearts, dead against it; because it breaks up their monopoly in the business of breeding slaves for market. No monopolist ever yet resigned his peculiar privilege except upon compulsion, and the monopolists of flesh and blood will be no exception to the rule. Then, again, the large slaveholders in the Cotton States themselves must be disinclined to a policy which will strike off four-fifths from the value of their live stock. They have raised and bought their slaves in the days when they were most expensive, and they have by means of their high price largely the monopoly of the profitable cotton culture. They must be more or less than men if they be willing to submit to all this present and prospective loss, for the sake of enabling their poor neighbors to enter into competition with them. These men, the Aikens and the Hamptons, are not loud in their opposition to the popular outcry; but it cannot be that they are not earnest and busy in it. It will be the conflict between these two forces that will decide the question. If delay can be managed for consultation with the other slave States, the hopes of Disunion will be adjourned to another day. If, as we hope, South Carolina strike the blow this week that shall separate her from the United States, we believe the Cotton States will follow her example. Should the Coöperationists, as the moderate party is called, prevail so far as to procure the delay they wish, we fear that the virtue of the leading Republicans will not be robust enough to resist the pressure brought upon them to offer their necks for their enemies to step upon that they may return in triumph to their former pride of place. But sure we are that the leaders cannot carry the party with them. The plain, honest men who voted for them in the belief that they were doing something to check slavery will never forgive the men who shall betray that trust. They may save the Union, after a fashion, but it will be at the cost of their own political lives and of the infamy which ill actions make to live after men. It may be that this offence must come; but woe unto the man by whom it cometh. For the millstone *will* be fastened about his neck and he cast into the fathomless sea of ignominy.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

THE Twenty-fifth of these annual Fairs was held in Philadelphia, last week. The Saloons of the Assembly Buildings, which have been, for many years, the resort of this Fair, were again occupied by it. No Hall in the city is better adapted for the display of a Bazaar; and no proprietor could be more courteous and obliging to his tenants than the gentleman who has charge of the Assembly Buildings. The Managers of the Fair never forget that in the earlier years of our enterprise, when the name of Abolitionist was more odious than it is now, and the rights of free speech and of peaceful assemblage were scarcely appreciated by our blinded populace, one of the saloons of this building was *always* open for their use; a fact which, in future years, may be proudly told by the children of those who, in the times which try men's souls, dared to render to the State that best of all services, the defending of the people's right of freedom of speech.

The Bazaar of this year was commenced with prospects of success somewhat less bright than usual. The depressed state of the money market would, inevitably, affect its receipts; and the large demands which the Presidential election had made upon many of our customers, would, also, diminish the amount which usually flowed into our treasury on this occasion. The intense excitement now prevalent all over the country, aroused by the face-to-face and hand-to-hand battle between liberty and slavery, which waxes hotter day by day, manifested itself in Philadelphia in sundry warnings to the Abolitionists not to attempt to hold their Fair. It was scarcely probable that a class of persons who had been the especial object of the persecution of the Church and the mob, for a quarter of a century, would be moved from their equanimity or their purpose by threats of popular violence. Whatever of wrath may have been stored up against them, to be poured out upon our Fair, was, certainly, restrained; and a more orderly and quiet Bazaar was never held in the course of our twenty-five years' experience of Fairs. The few spirits of mischief who evidently came to reconnoitre and to compare the strength which they represented with that of the Mayor's police, wisely concluded that, on this occasion, discretion would be the better part of valor. The fact that they did so is highly creditable to the municipal government of Philadelphia, whatever may be justly said of its delinquencies in another quarter, during the same week. As a social reunion, our Fair was what it ever is, a spiritual refreshing, both to those to whom its hours were a holiday, and those who from its earnest and pressing business, could share only moments for paternal greetings and communion.

Its pecuniary results satisfied the expectations of its friends, though, of course, they are less than in years of greater commercial prosperity. The proceeds amount to fourteen or fifteen hundred dollars.

M. G.

NATIONAL IMPIETY AND HYPOCRISY.

THE President has issued the following recommendation to the people of the United States:

Numerous appeals have been made to me by pious and patriotic associations and citizens, in view of the present distracted and dangerous condition of our country, to recommend that a day be set apart for humiliation, fasting and prayer throughout the Union. In compliance with their request and my own sense of duty, I designate

FRIDAY, THE 4TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1861,

for this purpose, and recommend that the people assemble on that day, according to their several forms of worship, to keep it as a solemn fast.

The union of the States is, at the present moment, threatened with alarming and immediate danger—panic and distress of a fearful character prevail throughout the land—our laboring population are without employment, and consequently deprived of the means of earning their bread—indeed, hope seems to have deserted the minds of men. All classes are in a state of confusion and dismay; and the wisest counsels of our best and purest men are wholly disregarded.

In this, the hour of our calamity and peril, to whom shall we resort for relief but to the God of our Fathers? His omnipotent arm only can save us from the awful effects of our own crimes and follies—our own ingratitude and guilt towards our Heavenly Father.

Let us, then, with deep contrition and penitent sorrow, unite in humbling ourselves before the Most High, in confessing our individual and national sins, and in acknowledging the justice of our punishment. Let us implore him to remove from our hearts that false pride of opinion which would impel us to persevere in wrong for the sake of consistency, rather than yield a just submission to the unforeseen exigencies by which we are now surrounded. Let us, with deep reverence, beseech him to restore the friendship and good will which prevailed in former days among the people of the several States, and, above all, to save us from the horrors of civil war and "bloodguiltiness." Let our fervent prayers ascend to his throne that he would not desert us in this hour of extreme peril, but remember us, as he did our fathers in the darkest days of the Revolution, and preserve our Constitution and our Union—the work of their hands—for ages yet to come. An omnipotent Providence may overrule existing evils for permanent good. He can make the wrath of man to praise him, and the remainder of wrath he can restrain. Let me invoke every individual, in whatever sphere of life he may be placed, to feel a personal responsibility to God and his country for keeping this day holy, and for contributing all in his power to remove our actual and impending difficulties.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

Washington, Dec. 14, 1860.

Here is no recognition of the great crime of the American people in enslaving more than four millions of their fellow-beings, dooming them to ignorance and degradation, exacting their labor by the lash, and buying and selling them as merchantable commodities. The President, on the contrary, calls upon them, in effect, to pray that the Most High God may remove from the hearts of the opponents of this diabolical system of iniquity "that false pride of opinion" (!!) which would impel them to persevere in their opposition thereto!! The language he uses is an insult to the intelligence and the moral sense of the great majority of the people of the North—an insult aggravated by the fact that it is offered under the forms of religious devotion. This appointment of a National Fast is, in fact, an attempt, impious and revolting, to prostitute the name of Christ and his religion in the service of despotism. At the South, and in nearly all the wealthy and fashionable congregations of the North, it will be a carnival of Cant and Hypocrisy; but we trust that, on the part of the true friends of freedom, it will be made an occasion for proclaiming afresh the great principles of Human Rights, and thereby strengthening and intensifying the hostility of the North to the sin and crime of American slavery. We commend to the study of all, these passages of Holy Writ, which are as applicable to the state of this country as if they had been suddenly and miraculously emblazoned by the hand of Omnipotence on the walls of the National Capitol!

"Hear the word of the Lord, ye rulers of Sodom: give ear unto the law of our God, ye people of Gomorrah. To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me? saith the Lord. . . . Bring no more vain oblations: incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. Your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth: they are a trouble unto me; I am weary to bear them. And when ye spread forth your hands, I will hide mine eyes from you; yea, when ye

make many prayers, I will not hear: your hands are full of blood. Wash you, make you clean: put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow."—*Isaiah* i. 10-17.

"Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins. Yet they seek me daily, and delight to know my ways, as a nation that did righteousness, and forsook not the ordinance of their God. Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and thou seest not? Wherefore have we afflicted our soul, and thou takest no knowledge? . . . Behold, ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness: ye shall not fast as ye do this day, to make your voice heard on high. Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord? Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke? Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh? Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy health shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy rereward. Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am. If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger, and speaking vanity; and if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday: and the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not. And they that shall be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, The repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in."—*Isaiah* lviii. 1-12.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM PARIS....No. XXIV.

PARIS, November 23, 1860.

We hear, at last, good news from your country; the election of Mr. Lincoln is, I hope, the first step towards the abolition of slavery. I do not exaggerate its immediate importance, and call it, as many French papers do, a victory of the Abolitionists, but the equilibrium of forces in your great republic is by this election changed; the centre of gravity, after having been fixed in the South for so many years, is turning to the North, and many people, who have been deaf and dumb to the lectures of anti-slavery men, will not be deaf and dumb before a fact accomplished, and will throw themselves upon the ascending tide. I expect to see soon the style of the American correspondence with the French papers quite altered. Success is good conduct, with the leaders of a press which flatters public opinion instead of trying to direct it. The American Minister here, Colonel Faulkner, who threatened disunion in a public speech about eighteen months ago, in case the Republican candidate should be elected, cannot, I imagine, do otherwise now than to tender his dismission, and I hope the Republicans will send us here a minister who will write something else to his government besides despatches full of praise of a despotic Emperor.

If he were a man of ability and of acute perception, he would find here the most extraordinary field for observation. The intellectual and moral force of a nation like the French cannot be deprived of outward expression without being brought to act in a thousand underground ways, and without being forced in new channels; but, as there is something monstrous in the vegetation which takes place in the dark without the rays of the sun, so is there, it might be said, in the efforts of intelligence when it is deprived of liberty. There is something artificial in all its productions; the contradictions you may observe are shocking, because there is always something which cannot be told, a knowledge of which explains them. To one accustomed to read the depths of human minds, nothing can be more interesting than the state of public opinion with regard to the Italian question. There is, at present, a *scission* among the liberals on this point. As a party, and as long as they were in power, they have always been favorable to the cause of Italy. Casimir Périer sent a French fleet to Ancona, in 1834; Louis Philippe wrote his famous letter to the ex-King of Naples; Guizot himself sent Rossi to the Pope, in order to introduce reforms in the Papal government. In the last sessions of the French Parliament before 1848, great sympathy was shown to the cause of Italy; after the revolution, the French were very anxious to help the Italians against the Austrians, but the King of Piedmont, Charles Albert, refused their help. "Italia fara da se," was his motto. Afterwards, when he was defeated, the French government offered him once more an army, but he made it a condition that the command of it should be given to Marshal Bugeaud, who was not a friend of the Republic, and who could not be accepted by the Republicans; besides, the King of Piedmont would have the French army under his own command, and that could not be accepted. The news of the defeat of Novara was received with great grief in France. The Austrians could have gone to Turin, and if they did not do so, it was only because General Cavaignac, who was then at the head of the government in France, threatened to cross the Alps if it was done. A negotiation took place between the Austrian ambassador to Paris and M. Thiers (though this last gentleman had no diplomatic character, and only acted as an adviser); and M. Thiers said he should use his influence in the French Assembly in favor of war, if the Austrians despoiled Piedmont of the smallest part of its territory or inflicted upon it too heavy contributions of war. This was done, after Novara, when Italy thought herself lost, and was quite at the mercy of Radetzki. What does all this prove? It is, that there has always, under all governments, been a tendency favorable to the Italian cause, more or less marked, more or less active, according to circumstances and possibilities. Why is it, then, that we hear so much talk now in France against Italy and the Italians? Alas! it is because they are now the allies of the Emperor, and because the hatred of the Emperor is stronger, with many people, than the sympathy for Italy. This hatred casts its shadow over all the Italian affairs; it is felt that the victory of Solferino, which breaks the yoke of the Italian people, will make the yoke on France still heavier. It is thought that the infamy of the 2d December will be forgotten in the glory of victory; that the reprobation of a few noble souls, which attaches to the despot, will be lost in the enthusiastic cheers of a whole people, saluting him as a liberator. Even the supporters of the Pope invoke against Bonaparte the great principles of freedom. They say that in a Protestant country, where faith has its roots in the individual conscience, the confusion of temporal and spiritual powers cannot have very bad effects; but that the essence of Catholicism being precisely to give up to some authority the guidance of the soul, it is of very great importance that this supreme authority should not be given to the same person who holds already the reins of the temporal power. In order that the spiritual authority they recognize should be free, they are willing to sacrifice the populations of the Papal States; and all the attacks which are justly brought against the administration of the Pope only make them fear more, that the confusion of the temporal and spiritual power would inflict similar evils upon them. What a series of contradictions! Even Lamoricière, who has fought the last battle of the Pope, has made, in his report upon his unsuccessful campaign, the most bitter accusations against the Roman administration! Think of the privilege of grinding corn being still in the hands of the government, so that, the number of mills being limited, the Papal army could not procure bread enough! The money sent to Lamoricière never went to him—the army had no courage, no discipline, and fled without fighting. The conqueror of Constantine and of a hundred battles in Algiers has had to leave his last field of battle with fifty horsemen! This curious report—drawn, I must say, with much sincerity and honesty—will be brought against the government of the Pope, as an arm all the stronger for being wielded by a friend of Papacy. But the most interesting part of Lamoricière's report is, perhaps, what relates to the interference of the French government in the last affairs. It is ascertained now that a despatch was sent to the French ambassador, in which it was said that the French government would oppose itself to the intervention of Piedmont in the Roman States, and that fresh troops were leaving for Rome. What could be clearer than this? The ambassador, M. de Grammont, Lamoricière, the Consul at Ancona, everybody, thought that it meant that the Piedmontese would not be permitted to enter the Roman States. The revolutionists of Ancona were very much discouraged, and sent a deputation to Cialdini, the Piedmontese general, who informed them that the French ambassador was not in the secrets of the *politique*, and that he should go forward. The next you know. The French government now explains his despatch by saying that it only meant *moral* opposition; but did moral opposition require the sending of other troops to Rome? No, let us call things by their names: every action of the French government is contaminated by lies and hypocrisy; there is constantly an underground policy, more or less in opposition with the open policy. The Emperor has a double face, one mouth speaking of peace, of the interests of mankind, of civilization; the other of war, of conquest, of supremacy, of revolution. It exports liberty, but does not permit liberty to be imported; it sows everywhere the seeds of discord and of war—and has at last succeeded in disuniting its own enemies at home. It has nothing to fear from Europe, blinded or discouraged; nothing from the despairing minority of liberals unable to remove the heavy burden which universal suffrage places over its head; nothing from universal suffrage, the most complacent instrument in the hands of despotism; nothing from the press; nothing from the Church, whose present opposition will soon sink again into servility; nothing, except from time, and from that mysterious force, which is stronger than empires and armies, which rests in the soul, and which can sometimes turn the tide of human affairs by the most simple and unexpected agencies.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17, 1860.

THE Union is not yet saved. Secession rages at the South and in Washington, though great efforts are making to bind the free States over to keep the peace with slavery for the next century. Two Committees—one in the House and the other in the Senate—are in full blast; and if the sick patient is not saved it will not be for want of doctors. The House Committee of Thirty-three is at present the focus of compromising action, and all eyes are turned in that direction. The Committee has met two or three times, and, as you have seen, several resolutions have been offered and one adopted. No definite plan of compromise has been offered in Committee, though five or six are on paper, ready to be offered early this week. The resolution adopted is in the following language:

"Resolved, That, in the opinion of this Committee, the existing discontents among the Southern people, and the growing hostility among them to the Federal Government, are greatly to be regretted, and that, whether such discontents and hostility are without just cause or not, any reasonable, proper, and constitutional remedies and effectual guaranties of their peculiar rights and interests, as recognized by the Constitution, necessary to preserve the peace of the country and the perpetuation of the Union, should be promptly and cheerfully granted."

The vote on this resolution is reported, and upon reliable authority, to be:

YEAS—Messrs. Corwin of Ohio, Millson of Va., Winslow of N. C., Campbell of Pa., Love of Ga., Davis of Md., Whiteley of Del., Stratton of N. J., Bristow of Ky., Nelson of Tenn., Dunn of Ind., Taylor of La., Kellogg of Ill., Houston of Ala., Phelps of Mo, Rust of Ark., Howard of Mich., Hamilton of Tex., Curtis of Iowa, Burch of Cal., Windom of Minn., and Stout of Oregon—22.

NAYS—Messrs. Adams of Mass., Humphrey of N. Y., Ferry of Ct., Robinson of R. I., Tappan of N. H., Morrill of Vt., Morse of Me., and Washburn of Wis.—8.

At the first glance, this vote very much surprises one. But I find in the affirmative vote the names of two or three gentlemen who I know will never vote for any further compromise with slavery. These gentlemen are Howard of Michigan, Curtis of Iowa, and Windom of Minnesota. The resolution, in their eyes, must mean nothing, or they would not have voted for it. These three gentlemen I know believe the present Fugitive Slave law to be unconstitutional, and the "constitutional remedy" they would vote for must be a modification of that statute. Several other Republicans on the Committee are opposed to any compromise which will be acceptable even to the moderate men of the South, so that it is next to impossible for the Committee to agree upon anything. Two or three reports and one or two compromise projects will emanate from the Committee, and when reported to the House the debate will commence upon them. It is the impossibility of satisfying the South with anything but a Slave Code for the Territories which will save us from degradation and dishonor. The slave States will demand that, and cannot well put up with anything less after they have threatened so fiercely. I do not know of a single Republican member of Congress who will vote for Congressional protection of slavery in the Territories to save the Union; therefore, it will probably go to the dogs, unless the seceding cotton States are chastised back into the Union.

If the South will accept a Missouri Compromise line, she can get it from the present Congress. If she will be content with non-intervention, she can have it. You must remember that the Republicans control neither branch of Congress, and that it is out of their power to prevent any compromise from passing into a law which their combined opponents support. Nor will I put in any plea for, or shield, that class of Republicans who would readily support such a measure. There can be no doubt that a portion of the Republican members are ready at any time to give up their doctrine of non-extension. But the South will not accept any half-way measures, and in that fanaticism of hers lies our safety. A humiliating concession it is, but truth requires that it be made.

There has nothing occurred in the action of Congress, since last I wrote, to give any clue to "coming events." In the Senate, Wigfall has delivered a boisterous speech, full of blood and thunder, boasting and falsehood. In times so exciting as these, of course, he did not lack for an audience. He is full of "gab," and most people don't know the difference between it and eloquence. To hear him talk of the power of the cotton States over the world, and especially of the resources of Texas, would extract cachinnation from a horse. Don Quixote was a conservative and sensible gentleman beside this cackler from Texas. He made his terrible threats against the North, in the midst of Republican jeers and smiles. One of his threats was, that the South would abate such nuisances as *The Tribune*, *Post*, STANDARD, and *Liberator*. He did not call names, but his hearers knew what he meant. The anti-slavery press of the North should be destroyed; the anti-slavery journals suppressed! A very nice time of it Wigfall will have in executing his threat; and, if he should attempt it in person, maybe he would, before the task was finished, wish himself back in his beloved Texas.

It is understood that Mr. Wade will speak this afternoon, and with great boldness, for coercion, in case of actual attempts to nullify the laws of the United States He has been bored with men from all sections of the country, who have tried very hard to back him down from his purpose. I heard a good story of him this morning. Three New England gentlemen (it is said Republicans), waited on him Saturday afternoon, intending to try *their* powers of persuasion on him. But when once in his room, they found it hard work to come to the point. They meandered all round the question. Wade saw their game easily enough, and, getting sick of such cowardice, broke out with, "Great God! gentlemen, what are you after? *I* shall give the South the butt end of the poker on Monday!" I need not add that they left at once.

Mr. Douglas, too, is booked for a speech in two or three days. He will be conciliatory, and, of course, will gladly support any half-way measure of compromise. I know, however, that his private opinion is, that nothing of the kind will satisfy the extreme slave States. He will also take his stand against peaceable secession, it is said by his friends. If he does, his speech will have a prodigious effect upon the people of the slave States, who have been led to believe that Northern Democrats would not attempt to coerce them into obedience of the Federal laws.

In the House there has been no transaction of importance. Keitt and Miles of South Carolina have gone home, being members elect of the State Convention. Boyce, Ashmore and McQueen wait the act of secession to resign their places, and it is their intention to get up a sensation scene, like some of your New-York newspapers. Bonner, of *The Ledger*, could write the programme for it in proper style, but South Carolina, I fear, will break down in the midst of the performance.

The resignation of General Cass is a terrible blow to the President. If *that* mass of jelly could not tolerate Buchanan any longer, he must be a more guilty wretch than his bitterest enemies believe him to be. I do not believe anything but a conviction in General Cass's mind that the President is an actual conspirator against the continuance of the Union would have driven him from the Cabinet. He flies from the presence of the President to escape the record of history, which will write down Mr. Buchanan and his Cabinet as traitors to their country.

The conduct of the President is unaccountable, unless Keitt's charge that he has agreed not to oppose treason in South Carolina be true. The wife of the Col. Anderson who commands at Fort Moultrie has made a most touching appeal to the President to either relieve him from his post or send him reinforcements. The President will do neither, and leaves the Colonel and his little band to their fate.

It is rumored that a conspiracy is on foot for taking the Arsenal, Navy Yard, and the public buildings of Washington before the 4th of next March. There are sensible people here who believe that such is the fact, and counsel defence on the part of Mr. Lincoln's friends. If it were true that such a treasonable plot were now concocting, the speeches of Iverson and Wigfall could be better understood than at present. Both of these gentlemen have expressed the opinion that the Congress of the Southern Confederacy will meet in the present Capitol of the United States within sixty days. Whatever the plot may be, its managers will find it much more difficult to carry it into successful execution than to talk about it at the present time.

The position of the President is so bad that he has resorted to a Public Fast, either to avert the gaze of the sickened world from himself at this juncture, or because he really believes prayer will do him and the country good. His proclamation is just like all his messages—he comes out "strong" in the character of an old Pharisee. Nothing that God in his Providence can inflict upon the President or the country will ever raise a suspicion in the old man's mind that he is not a saint, and has not always acted the part of a patriot and an honest man.

AVON.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, December 17, 1860.

LAST week here was a very exciting one. Its chief features were the great Union meeting, the Anti-Slavery Fair, and the suppression of free speech by its appointed guardian. The first of these, though made much of by the newspapers, was, in comparison with the last, of little consequence. At a distance, where it is not understood, this Union meeting may have a certain temporary influence; but here, where people see behind the scenes, and know just how the thunder is made, it excites no sensation. Its significance, except among greenhorns, is fully appreciated. It means dry goods and drivel, fat dividends and fogy fear. The actors call it, and some of them doubtless think it, patriotism and a heroic devotion to the great principles of constitutional liberty, but the masses know better. They see lurking under its fine phrases and imposing pretences, the merest and most abject selfishness. Love of ease, dread of change, contentment with a state of things which gives them—the speakers and getters-up of the meeting—honor and emoluments, are the motives which, it is believed, underlaid this so-called Great Demonstration.

The meeting, from beginning to end, was the affair, not of the people, but of a few politicians and merchants. Its proceedings, even to the minutest details, were agreed upon in conclave, and kept profoundly secret to the last moment; they were then sprung upon the people, and in their name palmed off upon the public.

The meeting, though it was made the occasion of a half-holiday, was not large; but it was decorously conducted. The programme consisted of a prayer by Bishop Potter, the reading of the resolutions by Auctioneer Myers, and speeches by Mayor Henry, ex-Minister Ingersoll, Hon. Judge Woodward, City Solicitor Lex, Theodore Cuyler, President of the Select Council, and Wm. L. Hazelhurst, Esq., member of the Philadelphia Bar.

The prayer of the Bishop was a very good one, though some of his friends thought him out of place in being there to offer it. The *role* of chaplain to such a meeting would undoubtedly have been more naturally filled by Mr. Boardman or Mr. Wadsworth, or by the militant John Chambers.

The resolutions were conceived in the spirit and couched in the terms of the most ultra doughfaceism. Their language was, in effect, "Kick us, spit on us, walk over us, and forever despise us; but, for Trade's sake, don't dissolve the Union. We'll catch your slaves, we'll lick your boots, we'll eat our words; we'll do almost anything you ask, if you will only not dissolve the Union."

The first speech was by his Honor the Mayor. It was neatly prepared, and, rhetorically, not ill-adapted to effect; but it betrayed a disordered state of mind as to the condition of the country, and great confusion of ideas as to the proper remedy for existing evils. Looking at the meeting through his own distempered medium, he said the people had "gathered together in the *sad stillness of despair*"; and, inquiring for a remedy for this desperate state of things, the best suggestion he had to offer was the curtailment of liberty of speech and retrogradation in public opinion. His words were: "The misplaced teachings of the pulpit, the rhapsodies of the lecture room, and the exciting discussions of the newspapers on the subject of slavery must be *frowned down* by a just and law-abiding people." "Public sentiment must be restored to its stand-point of twenty-five years ago." That would bring us back to 1835, the year in which Mr. Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope around his body; the year in which Edward Everett, as Governor of Massachusetts, recommended to the Legislature the propriety of suppressing anti-slavery discussions by law; the year in which mob rule was paramount in New England, New York, and parts of Pennsylvania and Ohio. Those were the halcyon days to which our Mayor looks back with so much satisfaction, and that the state of public sentiment to which, by the frowning down process as one of the appliances, the community is to be "restored"!

The next speaker after the Mayor was Hon. Jos. R. Ingersoll. His address was very pretty, and stirred pleasantly the patriotic sensibilities of the people. Mr. Ingersoll is an old stock actor on the Philadelphia stage (public meeting stage), and not a general favorite; but on this occasion his performance was so unexceptionable that it gave offence to nobody. As for the statesmanship of his speech, or any practical suggestions it might be supposed to contain, that is quite another thing. The part which Mr. Ingersoll was called to perform contemplated nothing so difficult or so much out of the range of his capabilities.

The next speaker was Judge Woodward, an old Democrat of the John C. Calhoun school. His speech was characteristic, and in coherence and muscular ability, in my humble judgment, excelled all the rest. *The North American* complains that it misrepresented the position of Mr. Lincoln and of the Republican party, and that its utterances on the subject of slavery were in violation of an "implied pledge." This may be so; but it certainly did not falsely state the extent of anti-slavery feeling in the North, nor does there appear to be any good reason why Judge Woodward, holding such opinions as he does, should not have taken this occasion to express them. To have done anything else would have been to join others in the game of false pretences. It is creditable to his frankness that he made a clean breast of it. His speech was an able one, and had it not been for a single flaw, its argument would have been unanswerable. Unfortunately, that flaw lay at the base: it consisted in the assumption that slavery was not a sin, but a divinely sanctioned institution. Admitting this, there could be no escape from Judge Woodward's conclusions. The North would be all in the wrong and the South entirely in the right; and the extremest measures contemplated by the latter would be within range of the fullest justification.

On the other hand, Judge Woodward is just as frank to admit that if his premise is not correct all his conclusions fall to the ground. "If," says he, "slavery be a sin, there is an end to my argument." Hear him on this point, and how fairly and logically he argues:

"It will be said that slavery is a sin against God, and, therefore, that all reasons drawn from our material interests for favoring or abetting it must go for nothing. If it be a sin, I agree there is an end to my argument; but what right has the Abolitionist to pronounce it a sin? I say Abolitionist, because the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, in a sermon preached within a week, defined an Abolitionist to be one who holds slavery is a sin. I accept the definition, and, according to it, many of your best Christian people must be accounted Abolitionists; for it is astonishing how extensively the religious mind of the North has admitted into itself that suspicion, not to say conviction, that slaveholding is a sin. If a sin, then it is a violation of some divine law, for sin is the transgression of the law. Now, I deny that any such law has ever been revealed.

"The burden of showing it is on him who alleges it, and when it is shown *I agree it shall rule but all that has been said or can be said for a Union founded on slavery. I bind myself never to raise my voice again in behalf of such a Union.* But so far from any such law being found plainly written for our instruction, whoever will study the patriarchal and levitical institutions will see the principle of human bondage, and of property in man, divinely sanctioned, if not divinely ordained. And in all the sayings of our Savior we hear no injunction for the suppression of a relation which existed under his eyes, whilst he delivered many maxims and principles which, like the golden rule, enter right into and regulate the relation. So do the writings of Paul abound with regulations of the relation, but not with injunctions for its suppression."

That's what I call fair dealing. Let others treat the subject with similar frankness, and a solution will soon be found to all our difficulties. It is a question of principle that divides the two sections, and it is to be settled on principle. Anything short of this only embarrasses and aggravates the difficulty.

The next speaker was Chas. E. Lex, Esq., whose address showed a generous flow of good feeling, and a plentiful lack of sound principles. Mr. Lex was willing to do almost anything to mollify the South; any law that may be found after diligent search on our statute books, "whether constitutional or not, if it but serves our Southern brethren," he would be, for instantly repealing. "I am willing," said he, "for the sake of the Union, to concede all that these resolutions ask. Let the Fugitive Slave law be executed in its full intent and spirit. It is the law of the land, let it be implicitly obeyed. We, perhaps, might desire to have a few of its provisions modified; but let it remain as it is, however liable these portions may be to Northern criticism, if the South deem it necessary for the protection of their rights. Let us, too, submit, as we have hitherto cheerfully done, to the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States. It is the great bulwark of the Constitution. Its judgments should be final and conclusive, and not be questioned in any quarter. Whilst the free discussion of every question is the privilege of every citizen of the Republic, let us discountenance any denunciation of slavery by those who maintain that institution as intemperate and wrong, whether they are promulgated in the lecture room, at the political gathering, or from the sacred desk."

Mr. Lex was followed by Theodore Cuyler, Esq., who made a fervent speech, embodying sentiments similar to those uttered by Mr. Lex. The great desideratum at the present time was, in his judgment, the suppression—of course by lawful means—of all "inflammatory discussions of the slavery subject."

The Hon. Isaac Hazelhurst made the concluding speech, which is said to have been more manly, or rather less sycophantic, than those of some of the others; but I have not yet seen a report of it. And thus ended the great Philadelphia Union Meeting of December 13th, 1860.

The Anti-Slavery Fair opened under somewhat unfavorable auspices. The public mind was in a state of high excitement, and fears were entertained of a riot. Efforts were made by various parties to prevent the thing going on. The authorities were urged not to let the doors be opened; the Mayor expressed the opinion, that to hold the Fair "would be very unwise"; professed friends entreated, and open enemies threatened. The lessee of the building was strongly urged to break his bargain, and refuse the hall, and, it is said, had made up his mind to do so; but, on being assured that no *needless* provocation would be given to the mob, he reconsidered his purpose, stipulating that no flag should be suspended across the street, and that there should be no "discussional meeting," such as is sometimes held simultaneously with the Fair. This was readily agreed to, as the suspension of the flag would have been illegal, and would not have been permitted at any rate; and, as a simultaneous meeting, such as has usually been got up as a sort of tender or auxiliary to the Fair, would, at this time, have hindered more than it would have helped.

On the first evening, Tuesday the 11th, the large saloon was filled with spectators and purchasers. The next day and evening there were as many present as usual at that stage of our progress; but on Thursday and Friday there was a visible falling off, the visitors being almost exclusively confined to our own anti-slavery people. An impression had got abroad that there would be a mob, and timid parents and cautious guardians were unwilling to let those under their charge take the risk of being there. Still there was a goodly number present all the time, and the Fair closed on Friday evening, a decided success.

The alarm on Thursday originated in the extraordinary, and, as yet, unexplained conduct of Mayor Henry. George W. Curtis had been advertised to speak that evening. He was to address a literary institute, and his topic was to be "Honesty"; but he had made himself obnoxious a year before, by his scathing rebukes of slavery and its abettors, and by refusing to be put down by a mob. Strong objection was made by his old opponents to his reappearance, and violence was threatened if he should come. Little account was made of these threats, and the fear of an outbreak, if entertained at all, was confined to a few. You may judge, therefore, of the consternation of the people, when, taking up the papers on Thursday morning, they learned that *the Mayor had interfered to prevent the lecture!* A thunderbolt from a clear sky could hardly have taken them more by surprise. "What does it mean?" everybody asked. "Is the man frightened out of his wits? Has the example of Buchanan become infectious? Has Mayor Henry changed his character? Or is he only developing habits which were before latent? Has he abandoned his ground? Or is he only acting on principles heretofore kept in abeyance? Does he forget that he owes his distinction to his effective advocacy of the freedom of speech? That it was for this he was solicited to run for a second term? That it was this that commended him to the hearty support of the people of Philadelphia? Has he no self-respect? no regard for the honor of the city? no concern for the credit of his own administration? Is the man demented? *What does it mean?*"

Such questions as these were, and are still, everywhere asked; but till this moment no satisfactory solution has been elicited. The friends of freedom, including some of Mayor Henry's warmest advocates and eulogists, are mortified and humiliated to the last degree. He was our model Mayor. We were proud of him. We boasted of him. We considered him a man above the influence of private appeals. We thought we had tried and proved him, and therefore our trust in him was implicit. But he has failed us at a critical moment. He has betrayed the trust which was confided to him, and inflicted a deep wound on the cause of constitutional liberty. He has lent his ear to people not competent to be his advisers, and has declined to confer with those whose counsels would have been of use to him. He allowed himself to become excited; he lost his poise. In his alarm for the country, he failed of his duty to the city. As the case now stands, Mayor Henry being witness, free speech is without the needed safeguards in the city of Philadelphia.

But this is a libel on Philadelphia, no matter by whom uttered. Mr. Curtis, or any other man, may speak here on "Honesty" or any other subject; and the people will see that he is protected. And the police, too, will do their duty. And I would fain hope—indeed I really believe—Mayor Henry will do his. A man that has performed his part so admirably in times past, has surely too much good sense and right principle to prove recreant in the future. Reflection will show him that he has made a false step. Being a man of strong will and religious conscience, receiving, as he doubtless does, the hearty thanks of some of our most respectable citizens, he may now be feeling very comfortable in view of what he has done. But this feeling will not be abiding. He has done wrong; he has been unfaithful; he has been influenced by antipathies; he has taken counsel of fear; he has had respect of persons; his course in regard to George W. Curtis admits of no justification.

In regard to the treatment of Abolitionists, no fault is to be found with the administration of Mayor Henry. It has been all that we could have asked, and in some respects more than we should have desired; he has sent men to guard us when we thought there was no danger. And the behavior of his Police, from the Chief down, has been in the highest degree commendable. 'Tis true, Mayor Henry has sometimes, in his *language* toward Abolitionists, forgotten what was due to himself; but that was his concern, not ours. To his *acts* we have had no occasion to take exception. The truth is, all we have against Mayor Henry is the fact of his suppressing Mr. Curtis's speech; but what a tremendous fact that is!

M.

GOOD NEWS.—*The Herald* has a despatch from Washington, dated on Tuesday, from which we copy as follows:

"There is no hope from that quarter most assuredly; nor is there hope from anything the Executive can do or propose; nor from Union meetings; nor from what caucuses may determine; nor from what Republicans may offer; nor from what Southern Democrats may present.

"The Republicans in the House to-day signalized the proceedings by bluntly refusing to acknowledge that slaves were recognized as property under the Constitution, and without an acknowledgment of this sort as a basis of action, it is madness to expect the South will for a moment accept any terms the anti-slavery men may offer. Of course their alternative is secession or revolution, even at the cost of thousands of lives.

"The Republicans grow bolder and bolder every day. They are emphatically coercive, in every sense of the word, and say the sentiment of the North and West will triumphantly sustain them. This is the declaration of prominent Republicans in the halls of Congress."

THE ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE IN VERMONT.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VERMONT is a "great little State." Bounded on the north by Victoria's domains, she has no little of the British hatred of slavery. Having Massachusetts on her south, from which she received a very large share of her early settlers, and with which she now has a large amount of trade, she has a full proportion of the Puritanic faith. Abounding with splendid mountain scenery, dotted all over with beautiful little lakes, interspersed with dashing brooks and mountain streams, her people are not unlike the Piedmontese or the Swiss in love of home and in attachment to Republicanism. Traversed, from south to north by the Green Mountains, not unlike the highlands of Scotland, and receiving many of her early immigrants from that country, in a few districts she is much imbued with the faith and martyr-like spirit of the old Cameronians.

Though Vermont is by no means destitute of devotion to a blood-stained Union, bound together by an Atheistical and inhuman Constitution, yet it is to be hoped that so long as she is the Geneva of New England, or has the British lion on her north, into whose domains, if one of our slaves steps, his chains fall off, so long our little State will progress towards ultimate and perfect freedom. And though her conservatism is not much better than Everettish, certainly not much higher than Websterean, yet it is fondly believed that Vermont has too much of the spirit of the old Puritans, if not of the old Covenanters, whose John Brown, of Priesthill, and Richard Cameron, of Airsmoss, are honored by millions more than their ecclesiastical sons, as men "of whom the world was not worthy," to allow her conservatism to prevent her from ultimately becoming as free as her mountain air, and as valiant for the right as were the martyred fathers of her Scotia's sons.

While speaking of the conservatism of our State, let me say that I am sorry that THE STANDARD, whose editor (let everybody know) is a Vermonter, is not more extensively circulated here. Why is it? But why need I ask the question? for the reason is well known to every true Abolitionist. What paper that is uncompromisingly true to the slave, and therefore, also, uncompromisingly hostile to all pro-slavery institutions, can have a hearty support by a people who, in their ecclesiastical as well as civil relations, are in close alliance with, and giving support to, slavery. Before THE STANDARD, should it continue as faithful as it is now, can have a large subscription-list in Vermont, the people must be revolutionized into a Christ-like love of man.

Returning from this digression, I take pleasure in saying that we are not without evidences that our cause is progressing here. The State Convention which recently met at Bradford did good service. The resolutions were thoroughly radical, the discussions spirited, and the addresses of a superior character. The clear logic and classical style of Mr. Heywood, the attractive eloquence of our new and welcome coadjutor, Mr. H. Ford Douglass, and the earnestness and overwhelming power of Mr. Remond, received applause by all in attendance. Their visit to Vermont will long be remembered by the friends of humanity.

The evening before the Convention, Mr. Heywood gave us here a very fine lecture, and a very able argument in favor of disunion. His radical anti-slavery—called *ultra* by many—met with a hearty response in the hearts of many present.

Messrs. Douglass and Remond remained in the State nearly two weeks after the Convention, and spoke at meetings previously arranged for them. Few lecturers rally such audiences as colored men. Few of any kind win such merited applause as these did here. I do not think the Society could do better than to send them to Vermont to canvass the State; for though Covenanters are almost the only Garrisonian Abolitionists in the State, the people are willing to listen to, if we can only get them out to hear, the most radical anti-slavery truths. Those who have been accustomed to hear Covenanters advocate dissent from the government, on account of its pro-slavery character, have generally supposed that they were only advocating their own peculiar denominational doctrines; but when they hear eloquent and candid, as well as intelligent colored men, who differ from us in our ecclesiastical creed, pleading the same great truths and bearing the same uncompromising testimony, they begin to think more seriously and weigh more candidly the position occupied by both.

It may be news to many of your readers to learn that in the Vermont Legislature, recently in session, there was an attempt to repeal the Personal Liberty law enacted two years ago. As the proposition, however, came from a Democratic member, while the body is largely Republican, it met with a decided negative. Had the repeal been proposed by any leading member of the dominant party, the result might have been different. It is a matter of rejoicing that, as far as I have seen yet, the Albany *Evening Journal*, the Springfield *Republican*, and the Boston *Recorder*, will find few followers in their most infamous efforts to persuade the people to repeal State laws in favor of freedom. When will editors and divines learn that God's laws must be obeyed, even though all Constitutional and Congressional laws should be despised?

The hero of Harper's Ferry and the martyr of Charlestown is not forgotten. On last Monday evening, the anniversary of the murder of John Brown, the Abolitionists of Topsham held an anti-slavery meeting. It was not large, but spirited. The chairman of the meeting, Wm. Morrison, whose first son bears the name of John Brown, is an intelligent, zealous, warm-hearted, and very active Garrisonian Abolitionist. After an eloquent eulogy on the martyr by Mr. Charles P. Divoll, appropriate resolutions were offered, and, after being discussed at length by several speakers, were passed by a full and unanimous vote. They will give the animus of the meeting, and are as follows:

Resolved, That the great object which we as Abolitionists have before us is the speedy and entire destruction of chattel slavery and the temporal and spiritual salvation of the slave; and that the question before us to-night is not whether John Brown was a moral hero and a noble martyr to a great principle—for to this millions of warm hearts, if not so many eloquent voices, have given their verdict—but the great question before us, in common with all true-hearted philanthropists, is, *How can we, with a conscience void of offence toward God and man, help to abolish slavery?*

Resolved, That though very many anti-slavery men have recently done violence to their own principles by voting for a Presidential candidate who not only is opposed to great truths long contended for by Abolitionists, but who is in favor of the North fulfilling her pro-slavery constitutional pledges to the South, as well as the infamous Congressional Fugitive Slave law of 1850; yet we heartily rejoice that in the election of Abraham Lincoln we can see cheering indications of the rapid progress of the idea of freedom, inasmuch as he was elected by Northern votes and by a Northern party in favor of excluding slavery from the national Territories.

Resolved, That it is with pain we see strong indications of a retrograde movement in the ranks of political anti-slavery, and it is to be feared that, in accordance with the spirit of unholy compromise always dominant in the counsels of the nation, and to appease the threatening anger of the South, there may be successful efforts to compel Northern States to repeal their Personal Liberty laws.

Whereas the Union between the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States was formed by base and unholy compromises with slavery, and still continues by the execution of said compromises:

Whereas the United States Government was formed in violation of the law of God by allowing slaveholders to be eligible to office:

Whereas the Federal Government, if true to the fundamental law of the land, must be a cruel despotism aiding slave-masters to hold their human chattels:

Whereas throughout the vast domains of slavery, liberty-loving men are fined, imprisoned, cruelly scourged and tortured, exiled, or shamefully put to death, for no crime but philanthropy: and

Whereas the South, by their inhuman laws, mock trials, and lawless violence, have suppressed free speech and destroyed the freedom of the pulpit as well as of the press, while terror reigns throughout the domains of slavery, thus fortifying itself by a wall more impassible to the friends of humanity than the Chinese:

Therefore Resolved, That to cling to the Union and to the United States Government as an institution worthy of the voluntary and conscientious support of the Christian, is worse than infatuation.

N. R. J.

Topsham, Vt., Dec. 6, 1860.

MR. PHILLIPS'S SPEECH.—We give precedence, this week, to the speech delivered by WENDELL PHILLIPS at the Music Hall, in Boston, on Sunday last, compressing it as much as our types will allow in order to save room for other matter. The reader will understand, of course, that Mr. Phillips, when eulogizing the Mayor of Philadelphia for maintaining in that city, last year, the Right of Free Speech, was not aware of his recent disgraceful conduct in making himself the tool of mobocrats for the suppression of that Right. The consciousness that he has ingloriously forfeited his well-earned title to the commendation bestowed by Mr. Phillips must, we are sure, be a source of the deepest regret and mortification to Mayor Henry.

DR. CHEEVER'S WORK, "The Guilt of Slavery and the Crime of Slaveholding demonstrated from the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures," is critically reviewed in *The Literary Churchman* (an English periodical of high authority), at considerable length and highly commended for its "great critical and exegetical interest," as well as for the "careful research and competent knowledge, philological as well as historical," displayed in its pages. Of all the organs of the Episcopal Church in the United States there is not one that would venture to follow the example of this expositor of the literature of the Church of England in commending Dr. Cheever's volume. The spirit of that Church is seen in the refusal of the Diocesan Convention of New York to testify against the foreign slave trade, carried on in the very shadow of its church steeples!

FREEDOM OF SPEECH.—Bayard Taylor delivered a lecture on "Man and Climate," at the Brooklyn Athenæum on Tuesday evening. Speaking of the resemblances in the customs of different nations, he alluded to the custom in Bulgaria of hanging intellectual men for the sake of peace, and added that in some other countries they are merely muzzled; as, for instance, said he, Mr. George W. Curtis was last week muzzled in Philadelphia! Hearty applause, mingled with hissess, followed this remark. Mr. Taylor, in resuming, said, "I have travelled very extensively, and hardly expected to experience here a new sensation; but I certainly have such a sensation now in finding myself publicly hissed, for the first time in my life. I assure you, however, that it is not by any means so disagreeable as some might suppose to be hissed for vindicating the freedom of speech." This remark was followed by a perfect storm of applause, mingled with just hisses enough to show how small a portion of the audience were in favor of the muzzle.

A LEAF FROM THE PAST.—Nearly, if not quite, twenty years ago, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL wrote and published the following lines:

"WENDELL PHILLIPS.

"He stood upon the world's broad threshold; wide
The din of battle and of slaughter rose;
He saw God stand upon the weaker side,
That sank in seeming loss before its foes;
Many there were who made great haste and sold
Unto the cunning enemy their swords;
He scorned their gifts of fame, and power, and gold,
And, underneath their soft and flowery words,
Heard the cold serpent hiss; therefore he went
And humbly joined him to the weaker part,
Fanatic named, and fool, yet well content
So he could be the nearer to God's heart,
And feel its solemn pulses sending blood
Through all the wide-spread veins of endless good."

It is painful to think that the hand which, in the latest number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, aimed at Mr. Phillips the keenest and bitterest shafts of ridicule (thereby greatly delighting all those whose swords are sold to "the cunning enemy" of freedom!) is the same that once wove this garland for his brow!

Special Notices.

The Philadelphia Anti-Slavery Fair Committee will meet on Friday, the 21st inst., at 3½ o'clock, p.m., at the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia. Punctual attendance of all the members is requested.

Advertisements.

STAR OF THE PRESS.

1861.

"GREAT IN MOUTHS OF WISEST CENSURE."

THE NEW YORK MERCURY

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

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Rich dew-drops shaking from his plumes of light;"

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THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"Sometime afterward, it was reported to me by the city officers, that they had ferreted out the paper and its editor [Garrison]. His office was an obscure hole; his only visible auxiliary, a negro boy; and his supporters a few very insignificant persons, of all colors."—*Letter of Hon. H. G. Otis.*

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young man;
The place was dark, unfurnitured and mean,
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

Help came but slowly; surely, no man yet
Put lever to the heavy world with less;
What need of help?—He knew how types were set,
He had a dauntless spirit and a press.

Such earnest natures are the fiery pith,
The compact nucleus round which systems grow;
Mass after mass becomes inspired therewith,
And whirls impregnate with the central glow.

O Truth! O Freedom! how are ye still born
In the rude stable, in the manger nursed!
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn,
Through which the splendors of the new day burst!

What! shall one monk, scarce known beyond his cell,
Front Rome's far-reaching bolts, and scorn her frown?
Brave Luther answered, Yes!—that thunder's swell
Rocked Europe, and discharmed the triple crown.

"Whatever can be known of earth, we know,"
Sneered Europe's wise men, in their snail-shells curled;
No! said one man in Genoa; and that No
Out of the dark created this New World.

Who is it will not dare himself to trust?
Who is it hath not strength to stand alone?
Who is it thwarts and bilks the inward must?
He and his works like sand from earth are blown.

Men of a thousand shifts and wiles, look here!
See one straight-forward conscience put in pawn
To win a world! See the obedient sphere,
By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,
And by the Present's lips, repeated still,
In our own single manhood to be bold,
Fortressed in conscience and impregnable will?

We stride the river daily at its spring,
Nor in our childish thoughtlessness foresee
What myriad vassal streams shall tribute bring,
How like an equal it shall greet the sea.

O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain;
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown, and wear it not in vain!

DOWN A CREVASSE.

I arrived in Chamouny on the 6th of August, 1859, with a friend and companion, an Englishman like myself. We two had been about five weeks in Switzerland, and in that time had "done" everything considered necessary by our countrymen. We had acquired some experience in glacier work, having ascended the Alitsch Horn, whose summit had been reached for the first time by an Englishman, a member of the Alpine Club, only two months before. We made the ascent successfully, and were proud of having been the second exploring party to stand on its lofty peak, nearly fourteen thousand feet high. On that occasion we passed two whole days on the snow and glacier.

I remembered well the first glimpse I had had into one of those terrible crevasses which intersect glaciers. Getting a guide to hold my hand, I leaned over its yawning brink and gazed carefully into the fathomless abyss. The two perpendicular walls of ice appeared to join together about three hundred feet down; an appearance resulting from the convexity of the crevasse. Usually, I believe, the great split ends only where the glacier touches the ground beneath.

"No one who falls into one of these ever comes out alive," said one of our guides. "Yes," said another, "a man once escaped, and lives still at the Grindelwald; he was a chamois hunter, and when coming home alone over the glacier, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated into a crevasse. His fall was broken by projecting ledges and blocks of ice; which, however, gave way as he clung to them. After falling three hundred feet, he reached the bottom of the glacier, with a leg and an arm broken. He found a hollow space between the ground and the ice, through which a stream of water ran. Instinctively he followed its course, despite the great pain he endured, and after crawling along for three hours, found himself freed from the glacier."

Ordinary crevasses are from three to eight feet wide at top, but the sides approach each other rapidly, so that a man would be wedged in between the two walls of ice long before he could reach the bottom. And then, unless there should be ropes at hand long enough and strong enough, what an awful death! An unfortunate Russian gentleman perished thus in a crevasse only last year, half frozen, half squeezed to death, the heat of his body ever melting the ice, he ever sinking deeper and deeper into his dreadful grave.

My companion and I ascended the Brevant, and, as few climbing travellers leave Chamouny without visiting the Mer de Glace and the Jardin, we arranged to make that excursion. To shorten our day's work, we left Chamouny in the evening and slept at Montanvert, a solitary little mountain inn on the edge of the Mer de Glace.

We were up betimes in the morning. We provided ourselves with some eatables and wine, and started with our guide, whom we had brought from Courmayeur. It was a glorious morning, and promised well for our expedition. Our road, for about half an hour, was along an uneven path skirting the glacier, which lay below us on our left hand, very much crevassed and covered with debris. The path then came to an end, and the guide said we must now take to the glacier. We descended on to it, and threaded our way among the numerous crevasses.

The excursion to the Mer de Glace not being looked upon as a regular glacier expedition, is not made with the attendant precautions of axes or ropes. We had neither. We were in high spirits, and went along at a great rate; so quickly, indeed, that our guide, who had fallen behind, cautioned us once or twice, and requested us to allow him to take, and keep, the lead. Just then, our progress was arrested by a wide crevasse. Looking to the left, I perceived that it terminated, some twenty feet from us, in a steep slope of ice, which I thought I could easily climb. As the crevasse was about sixty yards long, I determined to try this slope rather than go round by the other end.

Using my Alpenstock instead of an axe, therefore, I began making foot holes in the ice with it. The guide had now come up with us. He looked at the ice slope and the wide crevasse, and said, very seriously, "It is dangerous, let us go round." By this time I had, with the aid of my Alpenstock, climbed about half way up the slope. I had already come to the conclusion that it was much too steep to scale without an axe, and had determined to retrace my steps. So, when the guide had spoken, I carefully stretched back my right leg, feeling for the last hole I had made in the ice. My foot went past the place, and I felt that I was slipping. There was not the least projection that I could grasp. The slope became perpendicular, and I fell head foremost into the yawning crevasse below.

I heard a loud cry of despair from my fellow-traveller and the guide. My own sensations cannot be described, or even distinctly separated from the whirl and shock. I felt that I was being bumped from side to side between the two walls of ice; that I was falling a great depth; that I was being hurled to utter destruction—to a horrible death. Suddenly I felt that I was caught by something: that I hung suspended. I was able to take breath, and to call out for "A rope! a rope!"

By the most extraordinary chance my fall had been arrested by a little ledge of ice which spanned the crevasse like a bridge. On this frail structure, not more than two inches wide at the top, and (as well as I could judge) about two feet deep, I had fallen, so that my head hung down on one side, my legs on the other. Instinctively and immediately, by means which I cannot at all recall, I raised myself from this dreadful position to a standing one on the ledge, in which there was a little niche sufficiently wide to admit one foot. I was now so far collected that I could hear my fellow-traveller saying from above, "We never hoped to hear your voice again. For God's sake, take heart. The guide is running to Montanvert for men and ropes, and will soon be back."

"If he is not," I answered, "I shall never come up alive."

My position was an awful one. The little ledge was so narrow that I could not get both my feet upon it. I was, in fact, supporting myself on one leg, half leaning against one side of the crevasse and pressing my hand against the opposite side. It was perfectly smooth, and there was nothing to grasp. A stream of water poured over my shoulders, drenching me to the skin, and freezing me with its icy coldness. Overhead I could see the long narrow strip of blue sky, bounded by the mouth of the crevasse. There was a terribly stolid, unrelenting look in the intensely blue ice that surrounded me on all sides. The grim walls of the crevasse looked as if they would unite to crush me rather than relinquish their victim. Numerous rills of water poured into the crevasse, but in the whole sixty yards of its length I could see no projection except the little ledge on which I had so miraculously chanced to fall.

I ventured to look down, only for an instant, into the fearful chasm in which I was suspended. At the depth to which I had fallen the crevasse was barely two feet wide, but downward it narrowed rapidly, and about two hundred feet below me the sides appeared to join. I believe that if I had fallen six inches on either side of the little ledge, I must inevitably have been jammed in head downward, at a depth where no ropes that could have been brought there could possibly have reached me.

I had now been about twenty minutes standing in this perilous position, straining every nerve to prevent myself from giving way, looking up at the blue sky above me and the clear ice on all sides, but seldom daring to cast a glance into the abyss below. Blood was trickling over me from a cut in my cheek, and I felt that my right leg (fortunately the idle one) was badly bruised. In the meanwhile, my left leg was becoming exceedingly painful from the strain upon it, and I was afraid of losing my balance if I tried to relieve myself by changing to the other. I felt that I was growing benumbed by the intense cold of the ice against which I was leaning, and of the stream of water from under which I durst not move.

I called to my fellow-traveller to know if any one were in sight. There was no answer. I called again. No human being seemed to be within hearing. A dizziness came over me, as the thought struck me, "He has gone to look if any help is coming, and he cannot find his way back to the crevasse. There are hundreds of them. I am lost."

Again I had to strain every nerve to keep myself from sinking; I almost gave up hope; I felt inclined to throw myself down and have the agony over. At that miserable time, I suddenly heard my friend shouting from above. He had gone to look if he could discern the guide; and, when he turned round to retrace his steps, had been thunderstruck to see the surface of the glacier intersected by innumerable crevasses, all so similar in appearance as to leave him no landmark by which to know my living grave. Thank Heaven! he had caught sight of a little knapsack left at the mouth of the crevasse by the guide. This had directed him back. I called to him to look at his watch—five minutes more were past. The cold was growing more intense. It is no figure of speech to say that I felt the blood freezing in my veins. I called to him again, to know if any one were in sight. It was thirty-five minutes since the guide had started, but not a soul was visible. It was most unlikely that he could be back so soon, for we ourselves had been three-quarters of an hour in coming thus far.

I felt that I could hold out but a very short time longer; and besides that, I did not know at what moment the little ledge, which was my only safety, might give way under my weight. I remembered that I had a large clasp-knife in my pocket, and I determined to try to rescue myself with its aid. I called to my fellow-traveller above that I was going to attempt it. He implored me not to try; but my situation was becoming so desperate, that I did try. I began by making a little hole in the ice as high up as I could reach, large enough to admit one hand. My next endeavor was to cut a foothold about two feet above the ledge. I succeeded in this, and found that by placing my foot in it, holding fast by the place I had made for my hand, and, at the same time, pressing with my back against the opposite side of the crevasse with all my strength, I was able to raise myself and stand firmly in my new position. I again let myself down on the ledge, and commenced cutting another foothole, about two feet above the last. It seemed to me possible that in this manner I might escape from my icy prison; but, a single slip or a false step, and I knew that I must be precipitated down the crevasse.

I was working diligently at the second foothole, when I heard a joyful shout from above. "They are in sight—three men with ropes—running as hard as they can!"

I steadied myself on my terribly narrow and slippery footing, in order to be able to seize and attach the rope when thrown to me. I saw the end of it dangling over my head. "Merciful God! It will not reach me! It is too short!" "We have got another rope," was answered from above; and it was knotted on and lowered. I caught the end, and tied it firmly round my waist. Grasping the rope above, with both hands, I gave the word. The strain began, and I felt that I was safe. In another minute I was standing on the glacier. I had been fifty minutes in the crevasse, during which time I had not lost consciousness for a single instant.

When I felt myself once more upon a firm footing, an all-pervading sense of gratitude for the wonderful escape I had had came over me and made me faint, and I should have fallen if they had not held me up. This was soon over, and we prepared to start for Montanvert. Before leaving I took a last look at the mouth of the crevasse, which had so nearly been my sepulchre. I saw that it would have been utterly impossible to climb out, as I had been trying to do. The mouth was so wide that, as I approached it, I could have had no support from behind; and without such support, not even a cat could have scaled the perpendicular wall.

Our guide was in a terrible state, and had run the whole way to Montanvert; but could find no rope fit for the purpose in the house. He was in despair, and was starting off to Chamouny, when two muleteers met him. Their mules were laden with wood fastened on with ropes; he begged hard for those ropes, telling them that a young Englishman was being frozen to death in a crevasse. They threw the wood from the backs of the mules, and came to my rescue with the guide, bringing the ropes with them. Knotted together (it seemed there were three in all), they made up a length—about sixty feet—enough to reach me.

With the assistance of my deliverers, I was able to walk slowly back to Montanvert, where I was immediately put in a comfortable bed, where the injuries I had received (which were insignificant considering the depth I had fallen) were carefully dressed. I dreamed, with unspeakable dread, of what had happened, when lying in that bed, and I have dreamed of it in many beds since. I believe that nothing would induce me to go among ice and snow now, without a long and strong rope. I offer the caution to all other travellers in Switzerland, out of a great experience and a great escape.—*All the Year Round.*

SCENE IN A CHINESE CITY.

A WALK IN TIEN-TSIN.

The special correspondent of the London *Times* in China, gives the following account of what he saw in a Chinese city:

Let us walk down "the Street of Everlasting Prosperity," the Regent street of the north suburb. At its entrance is a crowd of Chinamen, which, constantly renewed from dawn to sunset, stands gaping through a gateway at the headquarters, horses picketed in a large courtyard. Forcing our way through these unsavory celestials, we find ourselves in a small square occupied by the "eel-pie" and "baked potato" men of the place. Your working-man dines in the street, and this square is a favorable *al fresco restaurant.* Li, on our right, deals in meat pies. He has a small charcoal fire below his oven, and in a thrice his *pâté* is compounded and cooked before the public. Ho, by his side, supplies vegetable diet, turnips, onions, pumpkins, yams, cut into small slices and served in the water wherein they are boiled. Here is a man with sweetstuff, pastry and "tuck." There another with fruit—grapes, peaches, lotus fruit, water-melons, apples and pears. All tastes are supplied. But even in dining, the ineradicable love of the Chinaman for gambling is evinced. Every one of these dealers has a box like a dice-box, in which twenty small sticks are placed. Two of those sticks are prizes, the remainder blanks. Each portion of food is supposed to be worth ten cash, and, on staking one cash, every comer may try his luck. From morning to night is the rattle of these sticks to be heard in the square as the dealers invite their customers. From morning to night may the Chinamen be seen yielding to the invitation. Here is an old fellow, a "bargee" on the river. He has but two cash, which he stakes, and loses one after the other. His face is rueful, and his belly empty, so we give him ten cash, with which he may insure the meal he covets. He takes the cash, but, instead of buying his food, he recommences to gamble for it. One cash after another is drawn from him, and, when he loses his last, he walks away dinnerless. The fishmonger is perambulating about. His fish, in a shallow round wooden bowl, lie gasping in three or four inches of water. Here are eels, brown and silver, large fat muddy carp, soles, and a speckled fish like a trout, and of much the same flavor. At an open cookshop, Chinese *artistes* are preparing the dinner of the day. The favorite dish is a stew composed of chopped pork, onions, seaweed, shrimps, and eggs. We taste, but its flavor is by no means agreeable to the western palate. And now, in a quiet, secluded nook, is a good-humored, laughing crowd, enjoying the feats of a juggler. A wonderful man! He takes two pieces of sharp wire a couple of feet long, inserts them in his nostrils, and passes them thence down his throat. There is no deception, for he opens his mouth wide, and we see the wires down his gullet. Then he takes two leaden bullets, one of the size of an ordinary musket-ball, the other weighing twelve ounces. He swallows the little one first. With many contortions he brings them up again, and the small bullet is the first one to appear. He draws the wires back through his nose, and spits blood. A shower of cash rewards his feat. Then he swallows a sword, crams pointed sticks into his ears and eyes, and performs a variety of tricks too numerous to be detailed. We enter a perfumer's shop, full of knick-knacks and necessaries for my lady's toilet. Pearl powder is made up in neat little packages, and with rouge and paints of various hues. Lotions for the complexion, perfumes, dyes for the hair, and here, in a corner, "thine incomparable oil, Macassar." A barber is plying his trade. He shaves the head, combs and plaits the tail, and extracts wax from the ears. The latter operation is evidently a favorite with the Celestials. Alas! "false tails" are common here as they are said to be in England. The shop is full of them at a dollar the half-dozen. A distinguished officer of irregulars bought a few to make a plume for his helmet. A "curio" stall contains very ordinary china at very exorbitant prices. Among its prizes are a common English bottle, price half a dollar, and an English earthenware plate, with "Swiss scenes" painted thereon, for which double that amount is demanded. Here also are small boxes labelled "Superior congreve matches, without smell or sulphur." They would cost a half-penny at home; their price at Tien-tsin is 2½d. We come to a linen-draper's, and find Manchester and American goods—linen, cotton and calico. Here is blue stuff for the common tunics and trousers. It is labelled "Manchester, John Pender & Co." By its side are calicoes, marked "Saunders," and printed cottons from the Manchester looms in great abundance. The prices are 100 per cent. higher than at Shanghai. Immense quantities of Russian cloth, both red and blue, are to be found in every shop. This cloth is of double width, thick and coarse. It is sold at 25s. a yard, the price being fixed by the Russian government. Coming by land all the way from Nijni Novgorod, such a price can never pay, but the government is careless as to profit, for this cloth forms the principal object of barter for tea and silk.

I have seen enough, however, to feel satisfied that the opening of Tien-tsin to foreign commerce will encourage an enormous trade in all the main branches of English manufacture. The crowd at our heels laughs as we enter a pawnbroker's shop. It is full of depositors, old clothes being the principal articles in pledge. We ask the head man to see the establishment. He would be delighted, but it is against rule. He deeply regrets that he must refuse our Majesties, but his orders are explicit. After a little pressing he yields, and we are conducted through one court after another, the buildings containing all that man can imagine, from pocket-handkerchiefs to junks' anchors. The goods may be pledged for thirty moons (two years and a half), when they are sold, if unredeemed. The rate of interest is twelve per cent. per annum. Here is a large ice-house, very long, very deep, very well drained. The ice is in blocks full two feet thick, and gives abundant evidence of a severe winter in this district. Returning home we enter a tea shop. The "cheering" beverage is contained in a large brass kettle, a brass butterfly with extended wings on its spout. We drink, are refreshed, and bid adieu to "the Street of Everlasting Prosperity."

NAPLES—1860.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT C. WATERSTON, OF BOSTON.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[In introducing this beautiful poem to our readers, we take the liberty of mentioning, without the author's permission, that a lovely girl of seventeen, Helen Waterston, daughter of Rev. Mr. Waterston of Boston, and granddaughter of the venerable Josiah Quincy, lies buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Naples. A verse of our poet's is on her tombstone:

"Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee"—*Eds. Independent.*]

I give thee joy!—I know to thee
The dearest spot on earth must be
Where sleeps thy loved one by the summer sea.

Where, near her sweetest poet's tomb
The land of Virgil gave thee room
To lay thy flower with her perpetual bloom.

I know that when the sky shut down
Behind thee on the gleaming town,
On Baiæ's baths and Posilippo's crown;

And, through thy tears, the mocking day
Burned Ischia's mountain lines away
And Capri melted in its sunny bay.

Through thy great farewell sorrow shot
The sharp pang of a bitter thought
That slaves must tread around that holy spot.

Thou knowest not the land was blest
In giving thy beloved rest,
Holding the fond hope closer to her breast.

That every sweet and saintly grave
Was freedom's prophecy, and gave
The pledge of Heaven to sanctify and save.

That pledge is answered. To thy ear
The unchained city sends its cheer
And, turned to joy, the muffled bells of fear

Ring Victor in. The land sits free
And happy by the summer sea,
And Bourbon Naples now is Italy!

She smiles above her broken chain
The languid smile that follows pain,
Stretching her cramp'd limbs to the sun again.

Oh, joy for all, who hear her call
From Camaldoli's convent wall
And Elmo's towers to freedom's carnival!

A new life breathes among her vines
And olives, like the breath of pines
Blown downward from the breezy Apennines.

Lean, oh my friend, to meet that breath.
Rejoice as one who witnesseth
Beauty from ashes rise and life from death!

Thy sorrow shall no more be pain,
Its tears shall fall in sunlit rain
Writing the grave with flowers: "Arisen again!"

—*The Independent.*

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

From The New American Cyclopædia.

Harriet Martineau, an English authoress, born in Norwich, June 12, 1802. She is descended from French ancestors, who left their country on the revocation of the edict of Nantes and established themselves at Norwich, where her father was a manufacturer of bombazines. In spite of rather straightened circumstances, Mr. Martineau gave his children a sound and liberal education; and at an early age Harriet, who had been afflicted from childhood with a constantly increasing deafness and a total lack of the sense of smell, found her chief recreation in literary composition. Pecuniary disasters soon taught her to rely upon her pen for support. In 1823 she published "Devotional Exercises for the Use of the Young," and in 1824 a tale entitled "Christmas Day," a sequel to which, "The Friend," appeared in 1825. Encouraged by the success of these works, she produced, in the following year, "Principle and Practice," "The Rioters," and "Original Hymns"; and in 1827–8 "The Turn-Out," "Mary Campbell," "My Servant Rachel," a "Sequel to Principle and Practice," and a series of "Tracts" on questions relating to the working classes, in whose welfare several of her previous writings had betrayed a strong interest. In 1831 she published, under the title of "Traditions of Palestine," a series of sketches of the Holy Land during the period of Christ's ministry. In the same year she obtained prizes from the British and Foreign Unitarian Society for three tracts on "The Faith as Unfolded by many Prophets," "Providence as Manifested through Israel," and "The Essential Faith of the Christian Church." About this time she conceived the plan of issuing a series of monthly stories illustrating the leading principles of political economy, an idea which she had borrowed from Mrs. Marcet's "Conversations" on the same subject. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, to which she at first applied, refused to enter into the project, and it was only after many rebuffs and disappointments that she succeeded in finding a publisher. The immediate and remarkable success, however, with which the first tale was received, repaid the authoress for her perseverance. The series extended to twenty-four stories, which were many times reprinted and translated into French and German, and which fixed her reputation as an earnest thinker and a writer of fiction of no common abilities. The "Illustrations of Taxation" and "Poor Laws and Paupers," which next appeared, were written with the same plan, and also published serially. In August, 1834, Miss Martineau sailed for America, and travelled extensively in the United States, where she was the object of many attentions. She visited nearly all portions of the country, and on her return, in the summer of 1836, recorded her impressions of American life and institutions, in a work entitled "Society in America" (1837), which provoked some unfavorable comment in the United States, but was generally praised for its honesty and candor. Having been solicited to communicate more of her personal narrative and incidents of travel than it suited her purpose to give in this work, she published in 1838 her "Retrospect of Western Travel." In the following year appeared "Deerbrook," her first and most popular novel; and about the same time she wrote "The Hour and the Man" (a work of fiction founded on the career of Toussaint L'Ouverture), and a series of tales for children entitled "The Playfellow," among which were "The Settlers at Home," "Feats on the Fiord," and the "Crofton Boys." Her health, which had been delicate from childhood, now became so seriously affected that, from 1839 until 1843, she was obliged to desist from all literary occupation. In the latter year she published "Life in the Sick Room." In 1844, having lost all hope of a restoration to health by the ordinary methods, she resolved to try the agency of animal magnetism; and the result, as described by herself in the *Athenæum* literary journal, was a speedy restoration to perfect physical and mental health. The circumstance attracted much notice on both sides of the Atlantic, and Miss Martineau's narrative was reprinted in pamphlet form in New York. She at once resumed her literary activity, and published her "Forest and Game Law Tales," and "The Billow and the Rock." In 1846, in company with her friends Mr. and Mrs. Richard V. Yates she undertook an oriental tour, of which an account appeared in 1848 in her "Eastern Life, Past and Present." Her next important publication was a continuation of the "History of England During the Thirty Years' Peace, 1816–1846," begun by Mr. Charles Knight, but of which only the first book had appeared. The work was issued in 2 vols. 4to. in 1849 and 1850; and in 1851 Miss Martineau added to it an "Introduction" in 1 vol. In the same year she gave to the world her correspondence with Mr. H. G. Atkinson on "The Laws of Man's Nature and Development," which abounds in curious revelations of her own psychological experiences, and manifests a decided leaning toward the principles of Comte. Her philosophical views were still more plainly set forth in 1853, by a condensed version of Comte's "Positive Philosophy." Among Miss Martineau's other writings are: "Five Years of Youth"; "How to Observe," a work for travellers, published in "Knight's Series"; "The Maid-of-all-Work"; "The Housemaid"; "The Lady's Maid"; "The Dressmaker"; "Household Education," originally contributed to *The People's Journal*; a "Complete Guide to the Lakes" (1854); "The Factory Controversy" (1855); and "Local Dues on Shipping" (1856). Her last work is "England and her Soldiers" (1859). She is a frequent contributor to some of the leading magazines, *Once a Week*, and other periodicals, and to the editorial columns of the London *Daily News*. She takes a deep interest in all questions of reform, and has written much on slavery, toward which her works on America evince a strong hostility. Miss Martineau now resides in a cottage built by herself near Ambleside. She has twice refused, on conscientious grounds, the offer of a pension from government.

RING-MONEY.

If the etymology of the word *money* has occasioned much diversity of opinion, many tracing it to the Hebrew *monah* or *mineh*, alike the name of a weight and of a species of currency, some contending that it is derived from *monere*, to warn, "quia nota inscripta de valore admonet," and others from the circumstance of silver having been coined at an early era in the temple of Jupiter Moneta at Rome, speculation has been equally varied as to what country, by what people, and at what period the art of stamping it originated. Herodotus ascribes the practice to the kings of Lydia, about six hundred years before Christ, whence, he says, it extended among those nations with whom the Lydians maintained commercial intercourse. Other writers attribute the invention to Pheidon I., king of Argos, about 750 B.C.; but it is most probable that the Greeks acquired their first knowledge of coined money from some of the nations with whom they came into contact in Asia Minor. According to Pliny, upon the authority of Timæus, a historian of Sicily, who flourished nearly three centuries before the Christian era, the Romans were acquainted with a minted copper currency in the reign of Servius Tullius, the sixth of the legendary kings of Rome (578–535 B.C.), who, it is said, instituted a coinage impressed with the figure of a sheep, whence it acquired the name *pecunia*, from the Latin *pecus*, a herd, since in the pastoral and nomadic ages of society, money was generally represented by flocks and herds of animals. We have the testimony of Gronovius, in his work on Greek Antiquities, that the primitive metallic currency of that country was in the form of rings. When gold and silver were first exchanged as circulating mediums, they were invariably in an unfashioned state—in ingots or rude bars, the quantity of the metal being proportioned to the precise quantity required of the commodity, whatever it might be. This custom was universal among those nations of so-called classic antiquity, but the sacred writings furnish the most striking and instructive illustrations in the earliest recorded ages. Abraham is said to have been "very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold"; yet there is no reference to these metals as general instruments of commerce until after the patriarch's return from Egypt, when the use of silver—which in the original Hebrew often corresponds to the modern term money, and was probably, from its comparative purity in the ore, and greater abundance than gold, the first metal employed in the fabrication of articles of utility and ornament—is exemplified in his purchase from the sons of Heth of the field of Ephron with the cave of Machpelah; destined as a sepulchral vault for Sarah. As the equivalent for this ground, the founder of the Jewish nation weighed "four hundred shekels of silver, current [money] with the merchant," an expression which is evidently intended to indicate something more than the purity of the metal merely. Had it been coined or impressed with any authorized stamp by which its weight and quality could be ascertained at a glance, it would of course have been unnecessary to subject it to the criterion of the scales, a test which, from the earliest period to which authentic history reaches back, was common among Eastern nations through the medium of public weighers and scribes or notaries, until a late date. It was in consequence of this prevailing custom that when the Israelites discovered that the money which they paid for the corn they purchased had been returned into their sacks by command of the prime minister of Pharaoh, and brought it back to Egypt, they particularly observed that it had been restored in its integrity—"in full weight." Of such importance did the ancient Egyptians regard any falsification of weights and measures, that their criminal code condemned offenders to lose both their hands. Again, however, apart from the tedious and delicate assay formerly necessary to determine the weight and fineness of the precious metals, there was another inconvenience attending their use in a rude form as a commercial currency—the extreme difficulty of portability. From the statement that the purchase money of the field of Ephron was "current with the merchant," it is not unreasonable to imagine that it was of a kind specially adapted for ready carriage. Annular personal decorations, such as rings, bracelets, and armillæ, would have been natural objects of exchange, and unquestionably they suggested the torsion of straight bars of gold and silver into a fashion which would permit of their being strung together and carried "in bundles," as we learn the sons of Jacob brought the money for the corn down to Egypt; and it is worthy of observation, as confirmatory of this view, that the word *shekel*, which in Hebrew implies *to weigh*, in Ethiopic literally means *to suspend* or *append*. The money of the Egyptians—among all the nations of remote antiquity the most cultured in the arts and sciences—was in the form of rings at the era of the embodiment of that country in the colossal empire of Persia, the early currency of which was also annular, as evidenced from the remarkable bas-reliefs displayed on the mutilated columns of Persepolis, its ancient capital. The fresco paintings upon the tombs of Thebes frequently represent figures in the act of weighing gold and silver rings in the market, or bearing them in procession as tribute offerings to the foot of the monarch's throne, ages preceding the exodus of the Israelites (1706 B.C.); but it is somewhat singular that although tablets commemorating payments of money specified by weight have been discovered in considerable numbers, not a single ring or a trace of a coin has rewarded the modern researches otherwise pursued with so much success among the ruins of that city, which, even in its mournful wrecks, still exhibits art, vast, simple, and sublime.

It is not improbable that it was the maritime successes of the Phœnicians of Tyre—who, according to Herodotus, circumnavigated the Cape of Good Hope—which suggested to the Senate of Carthage, more than five centuries before the Christian era, the dispatch of an expedition under Hanno for the purpose of exploring the western coast of Libya (Africa) beyond the Straits of Gibraltar. During the years 1836–8, a peculiar species of rings, known as *manillas*, were very extensively fabricated at Birmingham and Bristol for exportation from Liverpool to the Gulf of Guinea, in imitation of those of unalloyed gold worn as ornaments, and passing as a metallic currency, in the territory of Sennaar, on the borders of Abyssinia, and the neighboring countries. In the course of the summer of 1836, the Magnificent, an African merchantman, was wrecked on the Ballycotton coast, near Cork, and among its cargo were several chests of these counterfeit rings—some of which were of cast iron, and others a composition of about nine parts of copper to one of tin—the manufacture of which has been discontinued since the year 1838, in consequence of the refusal of the African princes and chiefs to longer recognize them as a circulating medium. Heretofore, the design of certain penannular gold articles discovered in Ireland, as well as in Scotland, had been only a subject of fruitless dispute. So intimate, however, was the resemblance in form and features which they presented to these manillas, that opinion is now becoming settled in a conviction of their having been an early form of money.

The late Sir William Betham, keeper of the Birmingham Tower Records in Dublin Castle, and Ulster King-of-arms, was the first to pursue inquiries into the nature and history of the ring-money of the Celts, the results of which were embodied in two essays read before the Royal Irish Academy, in November, 1836, and January, 1837, and the chief merit in which was the originality of the subject, for the author's theories were truly wild. He elaborately endeavored to trace the term *manilla* to two Celto-Phœnician words—*main*, riches, patrimony, or value; and *callac*, cattle, that is, a representative of the value of cattle or property. Now, it is to the Portuguese, who discovered the Gold Coast in the fifteenth century, that Europe has been indebted for the term. In that language, as well as in the Spanish, manilla literally means a bracelet. When the Romans invaded Britain, they found the inhabitants in possession of iron ring-money, adjusted to certain weights, and to which Cæsar has alluded in a very cursory and indefinite manner: "Utuntur aut ære, aut annulis ferreis ad certum pondus examinatis, pro nummo."

Although some difficulty exists in determining the precise era of the introduction of a minted coinage in Ireland, there can be no hesitation in assuming it as incontrovertible, that a denomination of such was adopted to facilitate exchange, many centuries antecedent to the arrival of the Danes in that country. From the most remote pre-historic period, even to the close of the twelfth century, the precious metals were current in the form of ingots and rings of specific weight and value, which also served the purpose of personal ornaments, known as *muintorcs* when designed to encircle the neck, and *failghe* when worn either as armillæ or anklets; and hence originated the epithet of "exactors of rings," so frequently applied in the northern metrical romances by the scalds, or bards, to the vikings who harried Ireland in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries, and who themselves possessed similar circulating mediums until long after the establishment of Christianity, as we learn from the ancient chronicles of the kings of Norway. All the fierce Teutonic conquerors of the Britons, who

With their red seaxes from the southward shores
Carved realms for Hengist,

brought with them a currency of rings, as indicated in the poem of *Beowarlf*, which describes Hrothgar, a Danish chief, as "a distributer of rings," and "the keeper of the hoard of rings." The use of this decorative money is very interestingly illustrated in a passage explaining the word *Righ*, one of the ancient names of the river Boyne, which occurs in a manuscript of the Brehon Laws preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, from which it appears that Boann, or Boinn, the wife of Nuadha Neacht, king of Leinster in the first century, was accustomed to adorn her wrist or arm (*Righ*) with "rings of gold for bestowing on poets." Some traditions assert that this princess was afterwards drowned in the Boyne, which received its name from the event. In form, these rings, which Vallancey asserts are cognate with the Irish term *boillreann*, from *boill*, circular, and *reann*, a sale or covenant, exhibit two distinct types—the annular and penannular, or open, and are either characterized by an entire absence of symmetry and design, or a grace and elegance of outline, and elaborate finish, which neither the corrosions of time nor the violence of barbarism has impaired. The weight of those hitherto discovered has varied from fifty-six ounces to half a penny-weight Troy, in accordance with which scale it is remarkable they are in general regularly graduated, being found, when carefully tested, correct multiples of twelve grains. The Irish annals furnish a perfect mine of interesting evidence with regard to the payment of rings of a specific weight as gifts and fines, or "fetter-ounce." Thus, about five years preceding the battle of Clontarf, Brian Borumha, monarch of Ireland, presented the cathedral of Armagh with a ring of gold which weighed twenty *unccas* (the Latin *uncia*, and the exact Troy ounce), and was said to correspond exactly with one discovered in the last century near Craobh Ruadh, the site of the palace of Emania. Sixty *unccas* of gold were extracted from the people of Leinster in 1152 by Tirdelvac O'Connor, as a ransom for their chief; and in 1157, the monarch O'Lochlainn presented the monks of Mellifont Abbey, at the consecration of that edifice, with a similar number, a regal munificence which was exampled by Dearbhforgaill, wife of Tiernan O'Ruark, Prince of Breffny, the Helen whose charms proved so fatal to the destinies of her country. In the *Leabhar na g-Ceart*, or "Book of Rights," a work anterior to the tenth century, links or rings of gold form a large proportion of the articles paid as *cis ail*, or tribute-rent, to the Irish princes. Counterfeits of these rings, composed of bronze, or a mixed metal strikingly resembling it, similar to that of which the Greco-Asiatic featured weapons of the Celtæ were manufactured, have been frequently found. Their real character was so cunningly masked with thin plates of gold, as to render a detection of the fraud impossible, unless they were tested by weight. Rings of stone, jet, or ebony are also common, which, presenting the same type as those of the precious metals, are conjectured to have been an inferior species of currency.—*Chambers's Journal.*

HAGAR'S FAREWELL.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Thine was the deed that made me what I am;
'Twas thine own hand, proud Sarah, gave me up,
Thy trembling bond-maid, to thy husband's arms.
I never asked his love—I wished it not;
I feared ye both, for was I not your slave?

I was an orphan, friendless and forlorn,
A stranger among strangers, and a slave.
....My master seemed to love me, and my heart
Expanded in the warm and blissful light
Of his affection. Fond and foolish heart!
Would that its torpor ne'er had passed away.
Joy, like the young and swelling buds of spring,
Swelled in my bosom; Peace her dove-like wings
Spread o'er my head, and promised long to stay..
Oh! false and fatal peace! What has a slave
To do with any hope, or joy, or peace?
....The happy dream is o'er, and I depart
To hide from thy vindictive hate and wrath.
But in my bosom's secret core I bear
One ray of comfort, which shall strength impart—
It was not Abram's will that drove me forth.
Alas! oh! Abraham!
Has God forgotten mercy? *Must* I go?
Why did he suffer me to love thee so?
Must all the bleeding tendrils of my heart
Be rudely wrenched and torn from thine apart?
You taught my trusting soul no law to own,
No love to wish or suffer, save your own.
That blessed love, whose steady, cheering light
Has strengthened me and made my pathway bright,
The only rose in all my thorny way:
Oh! must its fragrant bloom for me decay?
I may not curse thee, Sarah—God hath blest—
GOD! who to Hagar grants not peace, nor rest.
But *wherefore* should thine helpless handmaid know
This dreadful agony, this crushing woe?
Hath "Ishmael mocked"? Were Isaac in his stead,
Say, had thine ire upon *his* youthful head
Such scorching, blasting fires of vengeance shed?
And hadst thou deemed it *righteous* punishment
If *he* and *thou*, outcasts from home, were sent
In yon vast howling wilderness to rove,
No eye to pity, and no heart to love?
I curse thee not: but in thy sheltered home,
Where hated Hagar never more may come,
(If in thy breast there beats a human heart,)
Oh! woman, loved and cherished as thou art,
Thine must be many a keen, remorseful pang,
Sharp, stinging as the serpent's venomed fang,
As midnight dreams, or fancy's pictures wild,
Show thee the friendless wanderer and her child.

Look up, my child!
It is *thy father's hand* upon thy brow,
The hand all powerless to protect thee now,
That points thee to the wild.

Kneel at his feet once more;
While yet the shadow of his roof is spread
O'er thy defenceless and devoted head,
His blessing, boy, implore.

And now, oh! Ishmael,
Let us depart—we have no dwelling *here:*
Blighted in heart and life, the desert sere
Befits us well.

Oh! Abraham, farewell!
The bitterness of death is almost over.
Farewell, kind master, faithful guide, fond lover!
I know, oh! friend, thou wilt not dare regret me;
But can the father of my child forget me,
Where'er I dwell?

Can he *forget* that in the desert dreary
There wanders one, with footsteps weak and weary,
Homeless, forlorn and sad, heart-broken stranger,
Exposed to want, and fear, and every danger,
A mother with her child?

Can he forget that, while within his dwelling,
Plenty and peace and mirth their songs are swelling,
The two he swore ever to love and cherish
Are toiling on, ready to fall and perish
In the rough, tangled wild?

Ah! thou wilt *not* forget!
I see it in the glance upon me beaming,
I know it by the tears so swiftly streaming,
And by the clasp of the dear hand now pressing
Upon my head in voiceless, fervent blessing.
We shall be thought of yet.

And for this harsh decree,
Oh! best beloved, I will upbraid *thee* never,
But through despair and want and anguish ever
I will be true to thee.

I go, I go; the dream of hope is o'er!
Hagar shall pain thy heart and eyes no more.

THE PROGRESS OF HAYTI.

The prophecy of the old hymn commencing "Wake, isles of the South, your redemption is near," is at present receiving its fulfilment, to a degree at least. We have from time to time devoted considerable attention to the attempt of negro self-government, which the history of Hayti for the past few years affords. We have carefully followed the progress of affairs there from the period when the ignorant despot, Soulouque, was overcome by a bold, intelligent rebel; we have seen the old tyrant quietly sent out of the country in an English vessel, in the very way that it seems probable the young ex-King of Naples will have to leave his dominions; we have seen the successful rebel elected to the chief magistracy of the country he delivered from oppression, precisely as our ancestors elected their successful rebel, George Washington; we have heard the details of a bloody assassination, instigated by the supporters of the fallen monarch, and have recorded their defeat; and now we are called upon to witness the success which attends the government of a negro republic, and to speak the praises of a man who, though a negro, and operating only on half of a small island in a tropical clime, has shown the same mental elements which have produced a Garibaldi and a Washington.

Hayti, under the rule of Fabre Geffrard and a number of representatives chosen by the people, is improving with wonderful rapidity. Schools are established; newspapers placed in successful operation; new mines opened and abandoned ones reworked; agriculture taught and practised; cotton, coffee and the sugar cane cultivated; roads and fountains built; the army reduced, and everything proving the vast advantages which the country has won by its successful revolution. The present intelligent government has already shown its effect on the people, and with returning civilization and wealth come hopes of moral improvement. Everything looks well for Hayti, and we hope soon to be able to refer to the republic as a conclusive proof of the capacity of the negro for self-government.—*Evening Post.*

LUCRETIA MOTT.

From The New American Cyclopædia.

Lucretia Mott, an American minister of the Society of Friends, born in Nantucket, January 3, 1793. Her parents, Thomas and Ann Coffin, were natives of that island, and removed thence to Boston in 1804. After attending school in that city for two years, she spent three years at a Quaker boarding-school in the State of New York, the latter part of the time as assistant teacher. There her attention was first called to the duty of abstaining from the use of slave produce, and succeeding years deepened her convictions. In 1809 she went to Philadelphia, to which city her parents had removed, and in 1811 she married James Mott, who entered into partnership with her father. The depression in business consequent upon the war of 1812, and the death of Mrs. Mott's father, soon after made it necessary for her to engage in business with her husband. In 1817 she took charge of a large day school in Philadelphia, until compelled by other duties to relinquish it. Soon after this, in her 26th year, her labors as a preacher began. After an interval of several years, devoted to the care of a family of six children, she travelled through New England, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and a part of Virginia, preaching against slavery, and advocating the peculiar tenets of the Society of Friends, obedience to the inward light, and a steadfast adherence to peace principles. At the time of the division of that Society in 1827, Mrs. Mott adhered to the Hicksite party, opposing any approximation to a more orthodox faith, and earnestly urging the duty of negro emancipation, and of abstaining from the use of goods obtained by slave labor. She took an active part in the organization of the American Anti-Slavery Society in Philadelphia in 1833, and, with other Abolitionists, was subjected to the mob violence which resulted in the burning of Pennsylvania Hall, a new building opened for anti-slavery meetings. Notwithstanding the odium attached to the name of Abolitionist at that time, she continued to preach against slavery, advocating the interests of the negro race, speaking occasionally in their churches, and aiding in their charitable associations. She was a delegate to the World's Anti-Slavery Convention, held in London in 1840, but was excluded from a seat as delegate, the right of women to take part in public assemblies being denied by a majority of the members. At the same time, she, with the other delegates, received every courtesy and attention; and as strangers and Abolitionists, they were welcomed to the Convention. In 1848 the first Woman's Rights Convention was held at Seneca Falls, N. Y.; and Mrs. Mott took an active part in that and subsequent conventions, which have been held annually, for advocating the equal rights of women. After the passage of the Fugitive Slave bill, Mrs. Mott attended all trials of fugitive slaves in Philadelphia, encouraging them by her presence and words of sympathy, and endeavoring to evoke a public sentiment in opposition to their surrender to their masters.

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